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"TEETOTALLER DICK." COL. KNOXS' NEW STORY. READ ANNOUNCEMENT ON FOURTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

AN OLD-TIME ROMANCE.

Right here, in this venerable oak tree's shade,
My grandmother's mother sat one day,
In solemn state and in stiff brocade,
Awaiting her lover, a knight they say,
Down yonder hillside with flashing spur
He came like a vision, o'er field and fen,
In his satin breeches and gold-laced coat,
And a queer old dresser he must have been.

I do not think I could have fancied him so,
In his wedding plumes and his bonnet gay—
And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,
Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day.
By his side, o'er the stairway her picture hangs,
A dainty lady, no proud and prim
That more than half of my wayward blood
It is very plain must have come from him.

Here is a letter a century old;
For true knights my sentiment very well,
And a dashing hand, but it must be told
That my charming great-grandpapa could not spell:
"Honered madam and deer, though mine eyes bornfit
May not dwell on thy form and face so fair,
Still the promise of hope to my poor heart is felt,
'And at dawning of eve I aspire to be there.'"

I should like to know if at eve he came—
Why, of course he did, for am I not here?
Proudly bearing his ancient name
With a wicked laugh at his spell of "deer."
And if on that sofa they sat asunder
Fully two feet, as was proper and right,
Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,
Half such a kiss as I had last night?

Ah, Lucy, though minuet and spinet,
And curtly manners in grand array,
Will a wicked laugh at his spell of "deer,"
Think reaches the heart just the same to-day,
And I wonder when my little day is over,
And my grandchildren flit 'neath this old tree's shade,
If they'll say, "Sure he had just such a noble lover,
And as true and tender a wife she made."
—[Indianapolis Journal.

A REALIZED IDEAL.

When I was somewhat younger,
And all on pleasure bent;
While yet my only hunger
And thirst was sentiment;
When all the world looked sunny
In life's first blossom time,
Love fed my heart with honey
And filled my heart with rhyme,

To Prudence in her rocker,
To Phyllis with a rose—
I followed Praed and Locker
In—not exactly prose.
All feminine apparel
Inspired my easy Muse.
Who must have filled a barrel
With songs to hats and shoes.

The gloves, the muffs, the dresses,
The ribbons that were worn:
Clarinda's midnight tresses,
Hipatia's face like morn—
These were the themes of
The lines I used to write
Before my youthful dreams of
Sweet nothings took their flight.

And then you came! A vision
Too blissful to be true.
A dream, thought I, Elysian—
A dream! Sweetheart, 'twas you!
"Farewell to girlie ideal!"
Said I, with heart astir;
"At last I've found the real;
Henceforth I sing to her!"
—[Munsey's Weekly.

The Keynote.

As in a song there is one note
To which all others lend,
One chord, on which the longing soul
Would fain forever feed;

So to each pure, harmonious life,
That longs to do and be,
Some word, some deed, some thought shall set
Its everlasting key.
—[Youth's Companion.

Our Story Teller.

EUTHANASIA'S AGONY;

OR,

A POET OF THE WEST SIDE.

BY LISLETHREAD MAGEE.

AUTHOR OF "MARGERY'S DESPAIR," "THE HOTEL ON THE FLATS," "SQUIBS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EUTHANASIA YEARNS.

EUTHANASIA Gladys Yvonne McAdoo sat in the sunlight. It was a strange but significant peculiarity of Euthanasia that she never sat in the darkness. She was like Fanchon. She loved the merry, merry, merry sunshine; it made her feel so gay. Gay is not exactly the word, for Euthanasia never bubbled over with frivolous spirits. She absorbed the warmth of the glad sunshine and it stimulated the action of her heart and brain. The result was an intensification—if I may be permitted to enrich the English tongue—of her spiritual condition.

For Euthanasia had spiritual conditions. She was the daughter of a plumber, but she had a soul—a great, throbbing, burning soul that aspired to higher things than nickel-plated water faucets and marble basins. The hopeless practicality of her father's daily mental attitude wearied her. He saw only the pecuniary value of his somewhat useful calling; she yearned for something artistic, soulful, poetic.

If her father had designed baths like those of Caracalla or sewers like the Cloaca Maxima of Rome, she would have breathed freer and found the humble atmosphere of her West Side home less tainted with sewer gas.

As it was, however, Euthanasia Gladys Yvonne McAdoo was a chronic sufferer from mental malaria, and she sighed for great doses of the quinine of poesy. In vain did she read volume upon volume of the poetry of the Northwest, and sit up at night to devour novels of the seething school of passion. She felt that nothing could bring surcease of sorrow to her aching soul of a genius but the love of a poet. And she did not know a single poet.

In that busy, bustling part of the city which lies northward and westward of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street, poets appeared to be as scarce as pansies. Euthanasia did not wonder at it. She thought that poets could thrive only in some such dream-laden place as Bay Ridge or staten Island, and she never would have believed it possible that any man could be a banker and a poet both at once, like Edmund Clarence Stedman.

It must not be supposed that Euthanasia was without admirers. There were several young men on the West Side who were burning with love for her; but they pleased her father's practical business sense more than they did her poetic fancy.

"Why," said her father to her one day, "don't you give poor young Smithers Malone some encouragement?"

"Paul!" she exclaimed, turning up her dainty retrousse nose till it curled up like a pig's tail, "he sells tape for a living!"

"That's all right," said the keen-minded sire; "one of these days he'll be taken into the business of the Squarick Brothers. They regard him as one of their most promising young men."

"Father, hear me no," said the agitated girl. "I can never love a man whose soul does not ascend to nobler heights than the top story of a dry-goods counter. I am of a spiritual nature. I hunger and thirst after greater and grander things than what the world calls success. I long for a man who will know how to read the mystic meanings of my inmost being; who will translate me into the higher language of inspired and imperishable verse."

"You make my back ache!" exclaimed her father.

"Oh, sire!" she exclaimed, "be not so prosaic!"

"Prosade your eyebrow!"

"No, not somnetize my eyebrow!"

"Rats!" snorted the old gentleman; "you just aspire yourself up to your boudwar, as you call it, and stay there till I go out and look old Brusky, in the next block, $87 or twelve feet of lead pipe, four days of cafing, and six hours of work. If, when I return, you do not display more sense I'll send you to boarding-school in Springfield, where the windows are all made of ground glass and nailed down."

"Mercy! mercy!" she pleaded.

"Not by a jugfull! Get! Get!" shouted the irate parent.

And she got.

CHAPTER II.

EUTHANASIA BURNS.

THE unhappy maiden lay upon her sofa and shed several heaping quarts of salt tears. Her father departed to carry out his laudable purpose of "doing up" the unsuspecting Brusky, and she was alone in her agony. In front of her house there paused a solitary pedestrian. He was a man—a young man of uncommon appearance. His hair was the color of undressed oat straw, and one of his eyes had a broken mainspring. It was also blue, while the other was a sort of golden yellow. His nose was like the undulating back of the untamed dromedary of the great desert, and his teeth were like the heroine of a contemporaneous novel, beautiful but false.

He was unique. And he loved Euthanasia with a love as wide as a crosstown block, and as deep as an aqueduct shaft. His name was Elihu Beeswinger, and his business was the sale of cheap books. He had known Euthanasia but a month, having met her at the Autumn leaf picnic of the Boss Plumbers' Protective association, to which her father had taken her, and to which he himself had gone on a deadhead ticket, provided by a journeyman plumber who owed him $2.13 for second-hand Indian tales. Elihu had confided his hopeless affection to the journeyman just the day before, and that youth had told him a great secret.

"It won't do you no good," he said, "to be stuck on that gal. She's too high-toned."

"She cannot be too high-toned for me," said Elihu. "I would not have a wife who was not high-toned."

"Oh, you ain't on for a cent," said the journeyman.

"What do you mean?" inquired the now puzzled Elihu.

"I mean," answered his friend, "that she's got the great, big head."

"How?"

"Well, she says that no feller who aint got a heart above ducats aint good enough for her."

"What does she want?"

"She wants poetry."

It would be beyond the power of such English as I have in stock to convey any idea of the immense amount of scorn and contempt which the journeyman threw into his words.

"How did you find this out?"

"I'll tell you. The old man sent me around one day last winter to find a leak in one of the water pipes. I was right under the parlor floor a-huntin' for the leak, when I heard this here daughter of hisn's up in the parlor a-singin' a song. It was all about some girl what was loved by a poet. When she got to the end of the song she busts out a-cryin' an' says she, to herse f like:

"'Why ain't I caught a snoozer like that. I am a-hungerin' an' a-thirstin' for poetry an' all I gets o' the fellers wot pop allows for to come here is prose, an' blamed bad prose at that.'

"So that's how. I know that what that girl wants aint nothin' but this here stuff they call poetry what has rhymes onto the ends of the lines an' don't mean nothin' except guff."

Elihu had been struck with a brilliant idea. He had books of poetry in his stock, and he would go and read one of them to Euthanasia, and make her believe that he loved her. So now he stood in front of the house with the book in his hand and with a beating heart. Finally he mustered up courage enough to ascend to the door and ring the bell.

He was admitted and shown into that self-same parlor through whose recreant floor-boards the journeyman plumber had heard the innocent maiden's sad confession. In a few moments the innocent maiden herself, regardless of the stern parent's awful threat, descended the stairs and entered the room.

"I have brought you a book," said Elihu; "a book of poetry. Will you let me read to you?"

"You have brought a book of poetry!" exclaimed Euthanasia; "oh, read, read, I prithee!"

Elihu was trembling with excitement. With nervous hand he opened the book at random and in an agitated voice began to read without taking the trouble to begin at the beginning of the poem.

"'Some have at first for wits, when poets past,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.'

"I don't think that's exactly the place I meant to read," he said, hurriedly interrupting himself.

He hastily turned over a leaf or two and began again.

"'Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
That the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never failing voice of fools.'

"I'm afraid that isn't it either," he said, in a husky voice.

"No, sir," she said: "I want you to distinctly understand that it is not. Did you have the audacity to write that yourself?"

"No, Miss Euthanasia," he stammered; "I didn't write. Some chum—I mean fellow—by the name of Pope wrote it."

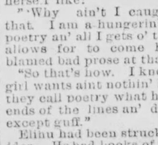
"That's just about the sort of poetry that a Pope might be expected to write!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Where is the passion, the yearning, the seething, simmering soul in it? Mr. Beeswinger, good morning. When you can write me some poetry yourself and make it soulful you may talk to me, but not before. Good-day!"

And again Euthanasia Gladys Yvonne McAdoo went to her boudoir and wept.

As for Elihu, he rushed into the street, kicked his volume of Pope into the heart of an ash barrel, hurried around to his store, boxed the ears of his juvenile clerk and began to ransack the shelves for passionate poetry.

CHAPTER III.

EUTHANASIA SIMMERS.



EVEN in his despair Elihu Beeswinger had conceived a brilliant idea. He would find some passionate poetry, rewrite it, and arrange it so that he could make Euthanasia believe it was his own, and then go to her and move her very soul with it.

It will be seen from this that Elihu Beeswinger was a man of resources, and deserved to win the love of the woman upon whom he had set his manly affections. He searched long and earnestly. At last he found a volume of Swinburne. He dipped into its erotic pages with joy.

"Ha! ha!" he cried. "Here is poetry which will make her hair curl! This is the stuff! She shall be mine."

Then he sat himself down to labor. He selected a poem that seemed to him to just fit the situation. It was the lament of a poet whose lady love had rejected his poetic offerings. Elihu altered it and rearranged it to suit his own fancy.

"Now," he said, "I can fairly claim that I wrote this myself. She will be moved to tears by it. I am almost moved to tears by it myself."

He wiped the large drop of perspiration off the hump of his nose and smiled. For a moment he was lost in a reverie. Then he sprang to his feet with a great shout, causing the juvenile clerk, who had just fallen asleep on the top ladder, to tumble down with a great crash.

"I have it!" said Elihu, in a triumphant tone. Then mentally he continued:

"To-night, when all is still, save cats, I shall serenade her with this poem. I can make it go to some 'une. She will come to the window and cry out to me that her heart is mine. It is a magnificent plan."

He could hardly eat his dinner for excitement that night. At a late hour a solitary footman, armed with a silver-rimmed banjo, might have been seen cautiously moving along the street toward the house in which Euthanasia Gladys Yvonne McAdoo was preparing to retire to her couch unawares of his mysterious approach.

He leaned against the spectral lamp-post in front of the house, cleared his throat spasmodically, and struck a few preliminary discords on the banjo. Suddenly he lifted up his voice and sang, while the cats on the area fences one by one, like autumn leaves dropped dead.

ELIHU'S SONG.

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without beer;
Keep silence now, for picnic time is over,
And likewise all things cheap and all things dear.

She loves not you nor me as we can love her,
Yea, though we sang as Ossian in her ear,
She would not hear.

Let us git up and git; she will not know,
Let us go downward as the cheap beers go,
Full of blown froth and foam. What help is here?
There is no help; you bet your boots that's so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear.
And how these things are, that we have no show
She will not know.

Let us step down and out; she'll never care.
Though all the stars made fireworks of the air,
And the sea, moving, saw before it move
One gillyflower that made the chestnuts fair;
Though all those waves went over us and drove
The oilskin off and wet her blooming hair,
She'd never care.

Let us come off and drop; she will not see.
She'll never try to see; oh, no, not she.
Perchance, remembering good old times that were,
She'll tackle kindly to this poetry;
And when we're gone, as though we'd not been there,
She'll kick herself, and awful sorry be
She would not see.

There was a light in the third-story front window! The curtain flew up! It was she!

"Is that you, Elihu? she cried in a hoarse stage whisper.

"It is," he answered in the same tone.

"Is that one of your own poems?"

"It is."

"Then—I—am—yours!"

"Ha—ooo—o—o—o—o—o—h!"

His cry of joy was turned into a scream of pain. The burning, seething cauldron had been transferred from his heart to the neighborhood of his coat-tail. He tried to spring forward; he could not move. What, oh, what had happened?

Great heaven! The old man, hearing the song, had come out with a great daub of molten lead, and had soldered Elihu Beeswinger fast to the lamp-post!

And Euthanasia? False, fleeting, perjured girl! She never saw him more without laughing in his face.

EDWIN ARNOLD AND STANLEY.

The Great Explorer's Indebtedness to the Poet for Help.

It is perhaps only just to Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," to send you in advance of his arrival in the United States a few particulars of the poet's life that deserves to be better known, writes a London correspondent. Sir Edwin Arnold is not only the great authority on India and India's religions; he has always been deeply devoted to geographical science, and it was really owing to his support and efforts that Stanley was enabled to make his great journey across the Dark Continent and to discover the source of the Congo.

After Stanley returned from his newspaper expedition in Africa, where he had succeeded in discovering Livingstone, he was for a time a kind of white elephant on the newspaper proprietor's hands, and it seemed for a time as if he would have to be sent to the city department for duty. While writing his book in London, however, he made the acquaintance of Edwin Arnold, then the leading editorial writer of the *Daily Telegraph*. To him Stanley mentioned his poor prospects on the New York paper for which he had made his first journey, and expressed the hope of being able to pursue his explorations in Africa. The two men then discussed African problems earnestly together, and the result was that Edwin Arnold spoke to Levi Lawson, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, urging him to take up Stanley and support him on another journey of African exploration, the aim of which was to follow the course of the Lualaba across the continent from the Indian ocean to the Atlantic.

Levi Lawson was willing to enter into Mr. Arnold's plans for Staley, but feared the expense would be too great. He therefore caused a telegram to be sent to New York, asking a newspaper proprietor there if he would share in the expenses of such a journey of exploration. The answer was in the affirmative. Stanley was enabled to make the greatest geographical discovery of the country. But it should be placed on record here that, only for the initiative and earnest support of Edwin Arnold, Stanley never would have had the opportunity of tracing the Congo, and the interior of Africa would, in all probabily, today be a blank space on our maps.

King Alexander and His Mother.

There has been so much romancing about the hysterical grief of King Alexander "at not being allowed to see his mother" that it becomes necessary to recall that the King is not a mere child, but a full-grown boy of 13, and indeed, so precociously developed, that he looks as English boys do at 15. He is of a calm disposition, bears himself with dignity, and would certainly never ask any favor of his tutor, Dr. Dokitch, or of one of the Regents with crying or wringing of hands. Had he manifested any strong desire to see his mother, his wish would have been granted, but from first to last the boy has been in complete understanding with his father. He is very fond of his father, a fact which many who affect to pity him leave altogether out of reckoning. He is also thoroughly imbued with a sense of his position as King, and he is old enough to understand that his mother's conduct may do him politically a serious injury.—*London Times.*

How to Put an Egg in a Bottle.

To accomplish this seemingly-incredible act requires the following preparation: You take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar, and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will resume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

Diamonds as Rifle Sights.

A use for diamonds—as an assistant to marksmen—has been discovered. According to the *Horological Journal* the diamonds are fixed in the front and back sights of rifles, and it is said they enable the marksmen to make a quick and correct aim even in a bad light. The brilliants are so fitted that immediately the rays are brought to bear shoulder the rays in the gems assist the alignment, and the eye takes aim without the least hesitation.

Every Man a Missionary.

Every man is a missionary now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world, but a blank he can not be. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the salt that silently operates, but, being dead or alive, every man speaks.

The Acrobatic Egg.

You offer to make an egg leap from one wine glass into one touching it, without yourself or a confederate laying a finger or any tangible substance on it or the glasses. Blowing strongly against one side of the egg will make it tumble up over into the other glass. Repeat the effort and it will return, like a cup-and-ball performance.

A New Simile.

"Jenkins is a very modest man," said one traveling man to another.

"Modest as the sun," was the reply.

"I never knew that the sun was considered emblematic of modesty."

"You forget that the sun is noted for its shineness."—[Merchant Traveller.

KISSED HER FOR THE CIGARS.

The Girl Didn't Wake Up, the Conductor Did, and Explanations Followed.

Albany Express.

"I'd give 25 cents for permission to kiss that girl," remarked an insipid-looking youth on an Albany-bound train last night, indicating with a motion of his hand an unusually handsome young woman asleep in a seat near by. The young man was one of a group standing in the rear of the crowded car. Another young man said:

"You have my permission, sir, gratis."

"I'raid she wouldn't regard it as sufficient," langued the first.

"I don't know," replied the other; "I have a great influence with good-looking girls—I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll bet you a good cigar I can kiss her without waking her."

"Done!" cried the insipid youth. "I'll give you a cigar if you dare do it anyway, and two more if she don't wake up."

"It's a go."

The daring young man stepped up to the seat where the pretty girl slept, leaned over softly and kissed her squarely and audibly upon her mouth. She stirred, smiled a little, but did not wake. The group of men had watched the proceeding in breathless suspense, and a long and simultaneous sigh broke from them as young Impudence straightened up after the operation and rejoined the group, several passengers who had seen the audacious performance staring at him in astonishment. "By Jove! that was elegant!" the fellow of insipid aspect exclaimed, as he handed the successful kisser his three cigars.

But there was another reckoning to be made. The conductor came hurrying down the aisle, and "went for" the daring passenger, metaphorically speaking, "hammer and tongs," crying: "See here, young man, don't you ever try that again! Are you a gentleman, sir? Don't you know that I can arrest you for such a performance as that?"

The young man colored, but laughed, nervously, as he answered: "No, I don't much believe you can. I guess there isn't any American law against a fellow kissing his own sister—is there?"

It has not appeared yet whether or not the young woman learned of her brother's astonishing exhibition of disrespect, or whether, if she did, her displeasure lessened the gratification derived from the cigars won in such a questionable manner.

PUT UP AND SHUT UP.

It takes a hurried woman with an open umbrella on a crowded street to make a hit.—[Binghamton Herald.

The umbrella may get into a corner, but never in the trust. The suspicions of human nature are too strong.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One of the very few trusts that fail to hang together is the umbrella trust. Everybody has grown suspicious.—[Washington Capital.

When you are wanting your umbrella and wanting it bad, it's mighty poor satisfaction to think on how much comfort some other fellow is getting out of it.—[Merchant Traveller.

"That umbrella has been recovered three times that I know of."

"Indeed! Well, I've been lucky enough to never lose mine at all, so I didn't have to recover it."—[Dansville Breeze.

He Made a Very Bad Choice.

The small boy had had a fight with another small boy. In youth we make up our quarrels easily, and a blow on the nose heals much more easily than a stinging word in later years. Quick to enjoy, quick to injure, quick to forget pleasures, quick to forget injuries in our childhood, we grow slower in all with age, yet perhaps the value of everything does not really change, only our capacity to retain feeling. This small boy had had a fight and his mother punished him. He was a boy; his mother was only a kind of grown-up girl and could not be expected to understand or sympathize with the manly art of self-defense. But he got it all the same, and when the round was over he stood up in the corner with his knuckles stuck in his tear-filled eyes. "Well," he said, between some severe sobs, "well, I was a fool to get you for a mother when I was born."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Getting Square.

Maid of Oshkosh, ere I go,
Tell me what I want to know!
Does your father still declare
I can never be his heir?
Hear my vow before I get—
I'll be even with him yet.

By those tresses bleached to gold,
And those bangs in tinfoil rolled,
By your richly frescoed cheek,
By my dollars, six a week;
You can say I told you so—
I'll be even with him, though.

By the aid which he might lend,
By the cash I like to spend;
By the joy which he could crowd
Upon one who's poor but proud;
Tell him that I make my brags—
I'll be even with his jags.

Maid of Oshkosh, I must flee,
For another waits for me;
I shall wed your rival, sweet,
Who resides across the street.
When her wealth secure I've got—
Then I'll show him what is what.
—[Chicago Herald.

Sweet from the Sweet.

No pretty girl was ever unexpectedly kissed.—[Texas Siftings.

If mouth is a noun, kiss must be a conjunction. It joins two nouns.—[Binghamton Herald.

A kiss, says a physician, is a most excellent disseminator of disease. Yes, of heart disease.—[Columbus Dispatch.

The childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way, but when, at last, some years have passed, it's different, they say.—[Franklin News.

His Reason.

Bigbee—"Why Small, you are just the man I want to see. You have known me for five years now, haven't you?"

Small—"Yes."

"Well, I would like you to accommodate me with a loan of $10."

"Sorry, Bigbee; but I can't."

"Can't! Why not?"

"Because I've known you five years."—*Time.*

It Ended Their Friendship.

"I ain't neber gwine ter hab nuffin' mo' ter do wid Pete Willis, boss. He flung my bran new Sunday suit out de windo t'other day."

"It didn't hurt your suit much, did it?"

"No, sah; but it hurt me. I happened ter be in it at de time."—*Time.*

Not All She Wanted.

Mrs. Crossgrain (after the matutinal row)—Oh, you brute! How you treat me!

Mr. C.—Don't I give you a nice home and all that?

Mrs. C.—Yes; but a home isn't all that a woman wants.

Mr. C. (gazing ruefully at the milliner's bill)—Yes, I'm aware of that.—[Lawrence American.

Righteous Indignation.

"What are you going to do with that pistol, John?" asked a lady of her husband.

"I'm going to kill that gosh blinked parrot."

"What for?"

"For swearing when the minister was here."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Willing to Carry Top Weight.

Sporting Boarder (to landlady)—Madam, the blanket on my bed is too thin.

Landlady—Why, Mr. Horsey, you must be losing your vitality.

Boarder—On the contrary, madam. I'm more than willing to carry weight for age.—[Sun.

Readily Took the Bait.

Miss Leonora Younger—What a lovely evening! In fact, it is too lovely to remain indoors. What would you propose?

Mr. Winters (twining an arm around her waist)—Marriage, Leonora, dear, marriage.—*Time.*

Extending Its Arms.

First Tree—How's business?

Second Tree—Branching out.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue, by D R Locke

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. GLEASON SCORES HIS POINT.

THE death of President Lincoln and the accession of Vice President Johnson to the chair of the chief executive put an end to the scheme for the recall of Minister Langdon; for he was a close personal friend of the new President, and the whole matter was dropped. Mr. Mason had the wisdom to at once confer with the friends whose interest he had asked, and imposed a policy of absolute silence upon them. Hence, the fact that a recall had been in contemplation, and that himself had been an active aspirant to succeed Langdon, never became known to any but a narrow circle of political chiefs, and the voters of the Sixth district never dreamed that their Representative had contemplated resigning his seat and seeking promotion elsewhere. And Mr. Mason took pains that they should not find it out; for the men who were held in power in federal positions through him, and those who had been promised his influence in the future, would have looked upon his design, had they ever become acquainted with it, as treachery to them, and he would have had an exceedingly interesting task in holding them together the next time he wished to use them to advance his interests.

Helen soon preferred a request to her husband that she might return home, which Mr. Mason met with a prompt and gracious consent. It was with a feeling of relief that she found herself once more beneath her own roof-tree. The episode but intensified that feeling of antagonism to her husband which had been silently developing for years. She had seen enough of him in Washington to make it certain that he was entirely selfish, insincere to the core, and that his influence in official circles, great as it was, was that of a time-server and a tuft-hunter, more than that of the man who commands it through his own innate worth and overshadowing talents.

It was a bitter reflection to her, in the quiet of Pulaski, to recall the high ambitions she had entertained when she yielded to the pleadings of her father to marry Caleb Mason. It is doubtful if even the danger that menaced him and her brothers could have moved her to accept Mason as her husband, had it not been for her own boundless ambition, and the belief she had that Mason possessed the qualities within himself that would lead to their realization. And in her present mood she felt into the habit of contrasting the man she married with the man she had been engaged to marry. Caleb Mason had made a great mistake in not making his wife his coadjutor and confidant from the very day of their union.

The feminine nature is a complex one, compared with the masculine. It may occur to the reader that Mason was wise in not betraying his devious methods and demagogic arts to Helen, lest she should have become so utterly disgusted thereat as to have betrayed his confidence by pitiless exposure; but with a woman of Helen's stamp it would have been by far his safest and wisest course. A woman is governed by her emotions. If she loves a man, she will unfalteringly keep by his side, even through crooked ways and wrong courses, so long as that love endures. He can either take her down with him, or carry her on his upward path. Helen did not love Caleb Mason when she married him; but her boundless ambition would have made an excellent substitute for love, had her husband been wise enough to have appealed to it from the start. And the probabilities are great in such a case that love would have followed as a consequence of the close community of interest; the clever appeal to her ambition would have deepened her feeling into love. But Caleb Mason had not that knowledge of the sex which enabled him to see these things.

Helen had desired that her life should be spent by her husband's side, in a wider arena than the dull one in which she was born; yet here she found herself in Pulaski, and with no prospect that any of her dreams should now be realized. When she accepted Mason, and broke off her engagement with Dr. Blanchard, she had felt that to settle down permanently in Pulaski as a doctor's wife would be unbearable; yet her lot was even less enviable than it would have been as Blanchard's wife. It is dangerous to her peace of mind for an unloving, disappointed wife to contrast her husband with an old suitor, especially if the latter had once inspired love in her heart. Helen Mason was not a woman to stoop to vulgar infidelity; she would never dishonor herself. But the comparison she instituted made her very unhappy, for she felt that the love she once bore Dr. Blanchard was not extinct, but merely dormant; and she fought it down resolutely, with the result of increasing her own unhappiness and unavailing regrets.

Dr. Blanchard, of course, did not dream of the true state of affairs. Helen's breaking of their engagement and marriage to Mason had dealt him a severe blow. From that time there had been no communication between them. They bowed coldly if they accidentally met; that was all. Yet, down deep in the doctor's heart the spark of love still gleamed, ready to be fanned into flame if opportunity should offer. Dr. Blanchard, was, however, an honorable man, and never would make love to another's wife. The only effect of the lingering traces of his passion was to keep him from marrying. He would not insult a woman by the tender of a divided affection.

So time passed on, the calm current of events in Pulaski being hardly disturbed by a ripple. Helen quietly lived on, homeless and unhappy in reality, but betraying it to none; her husband pursued his ambitious schemes in Washington, and spent an hour each Sunday afternoon in writing her a letter; Dr. Blanchard attended assiduously to his professional duties, and spent his leisure in literary and scientific pursuits; and Sam Gleason worked hard at the law, and pieced away at the myriad bits of torn paper.

The one thing that made his task many times more tedious than it otherwise would have been was that the waste-basket contained a large amount of torn-up writings, on the same kind of paper—the legal cap so generally used by lawyers—and in Mason's handwriting. These were of no value; but Mr. Mason had the habit of tearing into infinitesimal bits everything he threw into his waste-basket. It was a part of that caution which was ingrained in him. When sitting at his desk, listening to the statement of his case by a client, he had the habit of taking any useless paper, an old letter or envelope, or anything else that came to hand, and tearing it into fragments, dividing each until it became too small to afford him a hold for further division.

There were literally thousands of these bits in the waste-basket on the day that the stolen receipt was added to its contents—and not one among them larger than a finger-nail. Gleason's task of sorting and piecing was therefore, as may well be imagined, a most onerous one. And now that he felt the spur of haste, the task yet remaining seemed to himself infinitely harder than he had supposed it to be when he had told Dr. Blanchard that he would have it completed by the end of the Congressional session.

He had kept up his habit of riding out to the farm to spend an hour or two with Sarah Dunlap. One evening, a few days after Helen Mason's return from Washington, he mounted his horse and took the road to the farm.

"I am glad you came, Mr. Gleason," said Sarah, after the usual greetings had been exchanged. "I want to have a business talk with you."

"I am at your service. What is it you want?"

"You know the old Allen farm, over on the Huntsville turnpike? Yes? I supposed so. Well, I learn that it is in the market. It is good land. I remember once riding past it with father, and his remarking that he would sooner buy it than any other farm in the county. It has 160 acres of the best land, and I want to buy it. The question is, can I?"

"You can, if the first payment demanded is not too great, and time enough is given on the deferred ones."

"The price asked is one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre, one-half cash."

"H'm!" mused Gleason. "It's a fair quarter section. That makes twenty thousand dollars. That is too much. You have not half in cash, as you know. But the price asked is too high. It ought to be bought for a hundred an acre."

"I would, of course, expect you to get it for less, if possible; but I know that the present owner needs $10,000 in cash, and that he must sell so as to realize that sum immediately."

"Well," returned Gleason, "you know you haven't that sum in cash; but of course we can raise it by mortgage."

"On the farm itself?"

"No, of course not! The deferred payments will be secured by mortgage on that, and you can't get money these times on a second mortgage, even on as good a property as the Allen farm. You would have to mortgage part of this farm."

"What!" returned Sarah, in surprise. "Do you suppose for an instant that I would mortgage my father's old home? Never!"

"I don't well see how we can raise the money otherwise."

"We must do so. I want that land, and I certainly will not mortgage this property."

Gleason leaned back in his chair and reflectively stared into the fire. "If I was ready to put the screws on Caleb Mason, I believe we could raise the money in a hurry," he replied, after a time, apparently speaking more to himself than to Sarah.

"Why are you not ready?" was her prompt inquiry.

Gleason turned to look at her. "I haven't that receipt pieced together yet, Sarah."

"It seems to me that I have heard you say that before," responded she, gravely.

A flush passed over his face. "That is true; but I am working at it all the time that I can spare."

"That also sounds familiar."

"Perhaps it is," answered Gleason, in a meek voice. "But it is true. I am pushing it along as fast as possible."

"And I have heard *that* before," returned Sarah, inexorably.

Gleason felt that he was at a disadvantage. "I am putting every minute that I can spare from my business upon it, Sarah," he repeated, weakly.

"I am told that your business is increasing in a very gratifying manner," returned she, meaningly.

Gleason wondered what had come over her. "And you infer that I shall have less time, then, to devote to it?"

"My words will bear that construction, certainly."

"But I tell you it shall be done very speedily now. I am ——"

"That also has a very familiar ring. In fact you are apparently going to salt yourself about completing it—if you ever intend to do so."

The flush on Gleason's face deepened. "You certainly do not think I am trifling with your business, do you, Sarah?"

"Answer the question yourself. Look back over the years that have gone by since you began the work—since you first showed me the beginning you had made—and tell me what else I am to think."

Sarah's face was as impenetrable as that of the Sphinx, as Gleason anxiously gazed into it. She looked frankly into his own, not a trace of displeasure visible, and appeared, to the perplexed young man, as calm and indifferent as though she were pursuing an inquiry upon some subject not of the least importance to herself personally.

"I must admit it does look a little that way," he began, with an embarrassed laugh. "The fact is, I was not as diligent as I should have been."

"Why?"

Sarah's face expressed only well-bred curiosity as Gleason's eyes again were lifted to it.

"I assure you I am making progress. The next time you are in town come to my office and see how far I have gotten."

"I will. But you have not answered my question, you remember."

"Oh, yes! Why I was not diligent. Well —ah—that is—in fact, Sarah," blurted out the perplexed young man, "I was a fool!"

Sarah preserved perfect silence. Gleason wiped his hot face with his handkerchief, to gain time, but his fair interlocutor sat impassive, apparently waiting for him to go on. The pause became embarrassing.

"That is the only thing I can say. I was a fool!" went on poor Gleason, desperately, rising to his feet and pacing up and down the floor.

"Are you sure you have recovered from the attack?" inquired Sarah, sweetly; but there was a suspicion of a smile upon her lips, a twinkle in her eyes, which gave the young man courage. He stopped his walk, leaned upon the mantel, and went on:

"I might as well confess my sin and beg absolution. Yes, I was a fool. I saw Caleb Mason climb the political ladder, and I was bitten by the ambition to do the same. I knew I had, in the fragments of that receipt, a hold upon him that would mold him to my will. I went on, working at intervals, until I got into politics. He helped me to my seat in the legislature, in return for my aid to him in his Congressional canvasses. I did not say anything about the receipt, however. I did not intimate that a strict investigation of his management of your father's affairs might lead to awkward results, but that was all."

Gleason stopped for breath, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief. Sarah sat quietly listening, her face still inscrutable.

"When I got into political life it engrossed me. I put off everything that was less immediately pressing. I neglected my law business—and—and, of course, this matter."

"I thought there must have been a little neglect in it," responded Sarah.

"There was—I admit it, but with sorrow and regret. But, as I told you some time ago, I have turned over a new leaf. I have washed my hands of politics; I am sticking steadily to business. I have been working a great deal on that receipt, and what I have told you is strictly true—that I am putting all my spare time on it. That is my work. It is progressing, and it will not be many weeks until it will be completed."

"It has come down to a matter of weeks instead of years, then?"

"It has, indeed. It will take some weeks to complete it, but not a minute shall be lost until it is done—and then——"

Gleason paused, and gazed into the fire, until Sarah prompted him with:

"And then—what?"

"Two things are to be done. The first—compel Mason to return what is rightfully yours; quietly if he will—if not, then by legal means."

"What is the other thing?" inquired Sarah, betraying more interest than she had hitherto shown.

"It is simply this: I shall, after I have secured for you what is your own, resign the trust I have so badly cared for."

"What do you mean?"

"I know you are offended, and justly so, at my delay and negligence. You have the right to be. I cannot find fault with you. You have been forbearing—very. I shall then resign the care of your affairs into, I hope, more worthy hands."

"Have I asked you to do so?" demanded she, the soft color rising in her cheeks.

"No, not in words; but you have shown me that you clearly understood that I had neglected this business. I never felt so keenly as now the criminal carelessness of my conduct. Of course I see that you cannot wish me to continue longer as your agent. If I could, I would resign my responsibility at once; but unfortunately I can not do this until I have finished the work on that receipt, and recovered your money from Mason. By that time you can select some one else to act in my capacity, and I will turn everything over to him."

"Now you are angry at me, I see!" exclaimed Sarah, in a distressed tone, "and you are going to do this, because I wanted you to raise money to buy the Allen farm!"

"Indeed, indeed I am not angry!" returned Gleason, earnestly. "I am mortified at what I have done—or rather what I neglected to do. I know you must have lost faith in me, and I want you to have an agent you can trust."

The bright tears flashed in the girl's eyes as she responded: "I wish you would not be so severe with me about it! I did not, do not, want to make any change whatever. I am perfectly satisfied with what you are doing!"

Gleason shook his head.

"You are very kind to say so, but I know you must feel that I have not done right in this matter. I cannot change the past, nor undo my error. I must insist that you find some one else."

Sarah sprung to her feet in distress. "That miserable receipt has nothing to do with your management of my affairs. I am perfectly satisfied with this, and I am sure you will bring the other through all right. You are doing this just because you are angry with me for teasing you about the receipt!"

She made a pretty picture as she stood there, her cheeks high-colored with excitement, tears in her eyes, her head cocked, and gazing

Recent Literature.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVENINGS.

Crime—The New Pandora—Myself—An Egyptian Princess—Polish Blood—Erlach Court—Metzerott, Shoemaker—The November Magazines—Literary Notes.

A book which ought to attract more than a passing notice is "Crime: Its Nature, Causes, Treatment and Prevention," by Sanford M. Green, late judge of Supreme and Circuit courts of Michigan, who by a lifetime's experience in practicing law, in judging criminals and in studying the various phases of crime, was well fitted to write such a work intelligently. The book is divided into the following general articles: "On the Nature of Crime," "Causes of Crime," "Treatment of Crime," and "Prevention of Crime." He has taken a broad view of each, and with a wise understanding of the apparent limitations of human nature, and he presents many facts of a surprising nature. It is a volume that will find many readers among those interested in the welfare of the race. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"The New Pandora" is a drama by Harriet H. Robinson, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The scene is laid in Greece in the primeval race. Pandora is the first woman, and the opening describes her first creation, and shows her beauty and intelligence. The primitive man is introduced, then Pandora opens the lid of the casket and sets the ills of life free, and then Aetes is introduced, and she is shown that he is to be her mate, that she no longer lives with gods, but men. Her struggle to uplift him, his gradual rising out of the mere material life are well painted. Many of the problems of the day are deftly introduced in the course of the lives of these two and their children. There is much more truth conveyed than appears upon a superficial reading. The style is strong and effective, and there are many gems of poetry scattered through the whole drama.

A most exquisite souvenir, one of the most beautiful ever issued and given away by any publisher of any paper or magazine, is that from *Vick's Monthly Magazine*, Rochester. From the tinted and decorated cover to the very last page it is superb. The name is "Myself." The poem is a gem, and is illustrated in character all the way through. Every page has a different setting. The type is quaint in the same tints as the pictures themselves, that are wonderfully vivid. The author of the poem is in some quaint lines explained to be Harriet Ellen Arey. The subscribers to *Vick's Magazine*, who annually receive one of these lovely souvenirs, cannot fail to be delighted.

"An Egyptian Princess" is an historical novel of Egypt and Persia, B. C. 520-30, by George Ebers. As a writer of historical novels Mr. Ebers fairly ranks with the greatest writers of the world—may be classed, safely, along with Sir Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley and Bulwer-Lytton; as a thorough scholar in his department he may be ranked in advance of either of them. His special field has been early Egyptian and Oriental history, and perhaps the best of his historical novels is "An Egyptian Princess," which, as a romance, simply, is of very high merit and interest, and as being true to historical pictures and scenes, so far as these can be known to us, relating to the land of Cambyses and Croesus, in the days of the overrunning of Egypt by the Persian powers, it stands alone. An excellent translation, by Emma S. Buchheim, is published in London by Bohn, and in New York by John B. Alden. The Alden edition contains 424 pages, large type, is handsomely printed, on excellent paper, and is neatly and appropriately bound. Price 50 cents.

Careful examination of the eighteenth volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia" shows that in many respects this remarkable work is superior to any of its competitors, especially in its adaptation to popular use. Its combination of an unabridged dictionary with the ordinary features of a cyclopedia of universal knowledge is unique. The definitions and pronunciation of the words are clear and accurate, the illustrations and topics are thoroughly treated and embrace the results of the most recent investigations and discoveries. Then, too, the extremely low price places it within the reach of all. The eighteenth volume is especially rich in its biographies. We find sketches of Hall and Hayes, the Arctic explorers; John Hall and Robert Hall, celebrated clergymen; Hallam and Herodotus, historians; Haller, the philologist; Alexander Hamilton, the statesman, and Sir William Hamilton, the scientist. The forty volumes in which this great work will be completed will make a splendid library. The price, which gradually advances as the work nears completion, is wonderfully low. If ordered at once $8.50 will pay for the first eighteen volumes in cloth binding, or $12.10 for the half Morocco style. A specimen volume, which can be returned if not satisfactory, will be sent for 60 cents in cloth, or 85 cents in half Morocco. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

The "Little Giant," which is a "Cyclopedia and Treasury of Ready Reference," by K. L. Armstrong, has made its appearance for 1890. It has 82 colored plates and maps and any number of interesting facts and figures. It seems to touch upon a little of everything and is a good pocket-book of information. It is compact with flexible covers, printed in rather small but clear type. Published by F. J. Schulty & Co., Chicago.

"Polish Blood" is a romance by Nataly Baroness von Eschstruth, and translated from the German by Cora Louise Turner. The author is yet young, being only 27 years old, but she has already won popularity by her works. She is the daughter of an officer of high rank in the German army, her early years with having been spent amid the gayety of military life in Hesse Castle; residing now in Berlin, a maid of honor in the royal household, she is intimately acquainted with court life, from which some of her characters are drawn. This is the first of her books which has appeared in the United States. It is bright, full of incident, replete with sentiment and with a strong plot. It is a good introduction to American readers.

"Erlach Court" is a German story by Josip Schubiu. It is translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister, which in itself is a proof without reading that the story is a good one, as Mrs. Wister never translates what is not in itself well written. Should she begin to do so, it would be a new departure. The opening chapter introduces us to Erlach Court and the life there, and gives the reader a glimpse of the character of the heroine, who is brought in person upon the scene in the next. From that time the interest deepens to the close. It is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Metzerott, Shoemaker" is a very strongly written story, published without the name of the author by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. It touches upon some of the most interesting social questions of the day, particularly that of higher socialism. The character of Metzerott and of his son are both well drawn, as also that of the pretty Pinkie Randolph who proves to be such a disappointment. The story of the growth of the co-operative "Prices" is no day-dream, it is a realistic possibility; and, though there are tragic scenes in the story, both exciting and dramatic, there is a beautiful spirit running through it which lifts it above the ordinary novel of the day. THE BLADE has already noticed it at length elsewhere.

Two books which are by the same author and from the same publisher, J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, are "In Search of a Son," and "Story of a Mountain," by Uncle Lawrence. They are both bright and attractive reading for the young folks for whom they are designed, and will make fine holiday presents. They are well illustrated, many of the engravings being especially fine, and most exceedingly strong and vivid. The books are printed upon fine cream-tinted paper in clear type, and are handsomely bound, making altogether exceedingly attractive volumes.

In Lowell's International series comes in pamphlet form two volumes, the one "The Lament of Dives," by Walter Besant, who is so well known as an author that his name will find readers for the book. The second is "Buttons," to which is added "Bootle's Baby," both by John Strange Winter, the author of "Beautiful Jim," "Army Life," etc. These are published by Frank F. Lovell, 144 Worth street, New York city.

In the Psycho series, published by the Press Bureau, 1267 Broadway, New York, the first number is entitled "Earth-Born," by Spirito Gentil. The preface purports to give a history of the way in which the manuscript came into his hands, and how he promised to give it to the world, and then follows the story.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Cheney's "Life of Miss Alcott" has reached its seventh thousand.

Mrs. Mona Caird, the author of "Is Marriage a Failure?" is undergoing a "sure cure" and studying Buddhism.

"A Woman of To-day," by Margaret Crawford Jackson, (New York: John W. Lovell & Co.) is a quiet love story, avoiding sensationalism.

John Wiley & Sons have in press the first part of the extensive Ruskin bibliography, fully described in the *Publisher's Weekly* a couple of months ago.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage D. D., assumes the editorship of a special department, "Under My Study Lamp," in the January number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia.

Lew Wallace's new novel is approaching completion, it is said, and a greater portion of it is in the typewriter's hands. The question naturally arises: Will it be another "Ben Hur?"

Brander Matthews and G. H. Jessop have been, it is understood, preparing together a book which is soon to appear under the title of "Check and Countercheck; a Tale of Twenty-five Hours."

The new edition of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is to be known as the birthday edition, as a kind of souvenir of the fact that Dr. Holmes has just completed his fourscore years.

The *Atlantic* has secured a story by Miss Fanny Murfree, a sister of the writer of "The Prophet of Great Smoky Mountain." It will be published serially next year under the title of "Felicia."

Prof. A. S. Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman" and other novels, is spoken of for president of Dartmouth college, should Dr. Bartlett retire. He is, at present, Dartmouth's professor of mathematics.

A well-known Englishman, visiting this country, lately described Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," as a manly young woman who smokes cigarettes and propounds extremely socialistic ideas.

Wilkie Collins' last story, "Blind Love," which was about three-fourths completed when Collins died, will be finished by Walter Besant, who will follow out the elaborate synopsis of the concluding portion which Collins left.

Mr. Paul du Chaillu, who arrived in England last week from the United States, intends to pass the winter in Egypt. His next work, apart from children's books, so Mr. Edmund Yates says, is to be an elaborate biography of Gustavus Adolphus.

Mr. Carpenter, the author of a recent article on Henri K. Ibsen in *Scribner's*, has prepared a translation of Ibsen's "Die Frau vom Meer" (the woman in the sea) for the *Harvard Monthly*. It will appear in the issues of that magazine for November and December.

John Dimitry, a clever New York newspaper man, will supply the complete novel for the December issue of *Belford's Magazine*. The title is "Atahualpa's Curtain," the scenes of the story alternating between the two mountain chains, the Andes and the Catskills.

A prominent feature of the *Atlantic Monthly* next year will be "Sidney," a serial story by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," which has passed its 50th thousand in America, been added to the Tauchnitz list in Germany, and now is translated into Dutch.

The Christmas number of *Good Housekeeping* will have a paper from Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," entitled "Household Service Reform," in which Mr. Bellamy will look forward and give his ideas of how household-service reform may be practically developed.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has been visiting Lady Ashburton at her country home in Scotland, and her pen cannot do justice to the beauty of the place or the charm of her hostess. Lady Ashburton is one of the most charitable of ladies, and she has not only established several homes for poor girls, but she has set up coffee stands about London where the poor can get a bowl of good coffee for one penny.

The Christmas (December) number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain six complete stories, all but one of which are illustrated. Two are by representative New England writers, Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett; two by representative Southern writers, M. E. M. Davis and Ruth McEnery Stuart; one by a leading English writer, Thomas Hardy, and one by the artist-author, F. D. Millet, whom Henry James considers "artistically interesting."

The "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," a young Russian artist who died in Paris in 1884 at the age of 23, which has attracted the lasting attention of the foremost critics of Europe, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. this week. The translation has been made by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano. A portrait of Mlle. Bashkirtseff and reproductions from her paintings, now owned by the Luxembourg gallery, will accompany this edition.

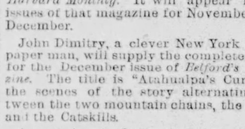
EMBROIDERED "HUG-ME-TIGHT."

A Lounge-Pillow Which Is a Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever.

The lounge-pillow illustrated is a large soft bolster-pillow, designed for comfort and utility, as well as beauty. A wide, easy lounge is now deemed a necessity in almost all rooms devoted to family comfort; but large, soft, easy pillows, so made and dressed as to look neat and tidy and withstand a certain amount of careless treatment, are not so common.

Pillows for every-day service cannot be used long without becoming badly soiled unless protected by tidies, or covers of some sort, which are a constant source of annoyance, they are so liable to be displaced and rumpled up, if not wholly thrown aside.

The embroidered linen "Hug-me tight" here shown cannot be easily displaced (as



PRETTY LOUNGE PILLOW.

its name indicates), and, being an endless cover, the pillow is protected on all sides and can be turned about in any way to fit the needs of the weary one using it. The bolster-pillow, made of material to match the lounge-cover and as long as the lounge is wide, needs no description.

The "Hug-me-tight" may be made of a width of linen, or any pretty, washable material, long enough to tightly encircle the pillow; the hems at the sides should be decorated with a row of hem-stitching or drawn work, and any of the pretty pillow designs to be found in every stamping outfit may be embroidered upon it, or, as in our model, floral sprays may be scattered carelessly all around it, says the *American Agriculturist*. The ends may be simply seamed together before the sides are hemmed, or one end, after being finished off like the sides, may be lapped over the other and stitched to it invisibly.

Slip the case on the pillow and secure it with a safety-pin under the hem on each side; and the family, generally, may take naps upon it, or the children toss and tumble it, and it will remain the same—until it has to be removed for cleansing and its mate put in its place.

Woman.

When with a smile your argument she hears,
She has resolved your wishes to obey,
But when she meets your reasoning with tears,
Be sure the woman means to have her way.

O woman, thou wert fashioned to beguile,
The poet sings. A libel surely this.
They who have known the sunshine of her smile
Swear she was made to comfort and to bless.

A pretty girl delights the gazer's eyes,
But beauty never can with love compare;
Her home a handsome woman beautifies,
A loving one diffuses sunshine there.

Although 'gainst lovely woman's cynics prate,
Men know it is her nature to be true,
And certainly her virtue should be great,
Since frequently it must suffice for two.
—[Exchange.

Not That Kind of a Client.

Lawyer for the Prisoner—"May it please your honor, we have shown by the evidence of the barkeeper that on the day this offense was committed my client drank 47 whisky straights. Under the circumstances, therefore, my client was too far gone to know what he was doing."

Prisoner (jumping to his feet)—"Hold up, there! By Gad, sah, whisky has no effect on me. I'm from Kentucky, sah!"—[Texas Siftings.

FASHION'S LATEST FADS.

Just now there is a revival of the antique, and studies for costumes made are from the pictures of the old masters. Here is a

PICTURE HAT AFTER MAKART.

that is quite fetching, as is also this one, called a

PICTURE HAT AFTER EBERT.

Both are modeled on the style painted by these famous artists, and as will be seen by the cuts are very picturesque.

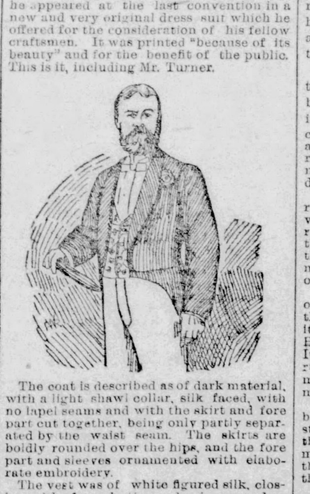
WILL WE COME TO THIS?

The Tailors Propose a New Style Dress Suit for Public Consideration.

It is well known that the men who make our clothes never have aspired to determine the fashion. That function has always been performed by some great and powerful dude, such as the king, or some person of similar authority, like the Prince of Wales. The tailors have, of course, had some share in influencing the cut, or "swell," or "life," or "expression" of the proper garment, but beyond that they have never gone.

Of late years, however, the merchant tailors have begun to rise into great prominence. They have held conventions and discussed their work from the very highest standpoint of learning and æstheticism. Their meetings are regularly reported in the press, and their views on the subject of clothing are consequently gaining a respectful attention, such as they never possibly could have obtained by the individual conversation addressed by a single tailor to his customer. With this growth of the tailor's spirit there is evidence of a new force in the regulation of the fashion world. The province of the king is being usurped by the tailor, and if anyone doesn't believe this, we can refer him to the evidence found in the reports of the tailors' conventions and in the trade journals devoted to their craft, and there are many of them.

In the last edition of the *Sartorial Art Journal*, for instance, we find the detailed portrait of the president of the Tailors' National Exchange, Mr. Henry Turner, as he appeared at the last convention in a new and very original dress suit which he offered for the consideration of his fellow craftsmen. It was printed "because of its beauty" and for the benefit of the public. This is it, including Mr. Turner.



The coat is described as of dark material, with a light shawl collar, silk faced, with no lapel seams and with the skirt and fore part cut together, being only partly separated by the waist seam. The skirts are boldly rounded over the hips, and the fore part and sleeves ornamented with elaborate embroidery.

The vest was of white figured silk, closing with four buttons, having a moderately curved crease and plain rolling collar.

The trousers were of a lavender shade, and contrasted "very effectively with both the coat and the vest."

The suit was, in fact, "one of the handsomest it has ever been our pleasure to see, and was so entirely different in expression and effect from the regular style that no one could help observing it, and to observe was, in this case, to admire."

"The accessories to the suit were, of course, in perfect taste, and the fit and run of lines unexceptionable. The dark coat, the splendid white vest, and the soft, delicate shade of the trousers, together with the tuberose ornamenting the breast of the coat, form a sartorial poem of the highest order."

BIG UNDERSTANDINGS.

Tom—I love that Chicago girl; I love the ground she treads on.

Small-footed sister—Then you must be fond of real estate.—[Epoch.

A chicago paper is running a story called "The Strange Foot-Print." Anything unusual about feet greatly interests Chicago.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Chicago girl (looking at a couple of torpedo boats in the bay)—What novel contrivances! Made to walk on the water, I suppose. Wonder if they would fit me.—[Texas Siftings.

Nearly every race is represented in Chicago's population, but as a whole—judging from the reputation of her girls—we should say they might be styled a foot-race.—[Yonkers Statesman.

A Winter Wail.

Gone are the leaves, the trees are bare and shorn,
The farmer now to town brings in his corn;
And Summer girls, who vet remain unwed,
Now hasten to their work with noses red.

Though long the nights, not unalloyed with joy
Are they unto the guileless farmer boy;
He gets his "rig," a "quart" and his best girl,
And soon he joins the dancers' giddy whirl.
[Terre Haute Express.

Spoiling the Baby.

Pop—What in Heaven's name is the baby crying for now?

Mom—Nothing.

Pop—Well, for goodness sake let him have it.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Pains and Aches

TRADE MARK

PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY Cured by St Jacobs Oil

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.

THEY DON'T WEAR CORSETS.

Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Potter and Miss Millward Graceful Without the Aid of Whalebone.

"Corsets upon the stage!" exclaimed Mme. Modjeska the other day. "Why, no woman can be graceful in a corset. I never wear one in a part. Let me show you what I do wear, it's an invention of my own."

Carelessly throwing aside her loose morning wrapper, an exceedingly Russian robe of white cashmere, with trimmings of black fur, she showed a tightly-fitting bodice of buckskin, taat came up to the armpits and well down over the hips.

"You see," said the actress, as she swayed her body to and fro, "that whatever pose I assume the contour of the body is preserved. I am supported without being restricted, as every one is in a corset."

The buckskin garment was laced on either side, and fitted the figure perfectly, yet there was no suggestion of stigness.

"I wear this in all my parts," continued Modjeska. "The idea was suggested to me by wearing an outer garment of buckskin in my role of Rosalind. I discovered that I could move with greater ease, and also that I made a better appearance than in any garment I had ever worn."

The preservation of what is known as "the line of beauty" is a great fad with some of the leading stars. Mary Anderson, in her statuesque roles, makes a great point of this particular.

"I think a corset is an instrument of torture," she said once, when asked to give an opinion. "I am perfectly miserable if I put one on for half an hour. All my dinner dresses are made to be worn without corsets, and they are not considered by good judges to be very artistic."

"What do you wear instead of a corset?" asked the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*.

"Nothing when off the stage, but in my parts I wear this," and she held up a roll of stout linen, cut in a strip about four inches wide. It looked exactly like a surgeon's bandage, and she puts it on exactly as a bandage is put on, rolling it round and round her body, high enough to support the breast and low enough to cover the torso.

I ventured to remark that I should think it would be very stiff.

"It is moderately so," said Miss Anderson; "it needs to be in order to support the body, but it is not like the barricade of whalebones."

In some of the difficult movements which she executes upon the stage, Miss Anderson says that this bandage is so much of a support to her back that she could not do without it in such parts as the dance in the "Winter's Tale."

"Then it is not so easy as it looks," I suggested.

"No," said Miss Anderson, with a smile, "very few things are."

Mrs. Potter wears neither a corset nor any substitute for one.

"I wear just four things," said Mrs. Potter. "A Union suit of heavy white silk underwear, a broad bandage round the torso knitted of heavy red wool, a flannel skirt and my dress. I never wore a corset in my life, nor did my mother."

Mrs. Langtry says that the idea of going without a corset, or of substituting something else for it, is all nonsense. "There is nothing," she says, "so easy as a perfectly-made French corset. Talk about the 'line of beauty,' there it is," and she turned her body just enough to show the curve of her superb hip.

Miss Jessie Millward, the English actress, who has just come over, does not wear a corset on the stage, and substitutes only tight bandages worn below the waist. Sara Bernhardt wears a tightly-fitted waist of flannel, "not as a support," she says, "only because it is comfortable and healthful."

Mr. Boucicault says that the aspect of grace is dependent entirely upon the movement of the shoulder blades.

"Watch the Oriental dancing girls," says this gentleman. "You will observe that all their subtlety of grace is the swaying of the body by a peculiar movement of the hips. There is nothing else in the world so seducing and so entrancing. It is very simple, and yet there are hundreds of women with almost faultless figures who move like wooden images."

ARE YOU LEFT-LEGGED?

An Interesting Paper Read Before the British Association.

A paper on "Left-leggedness" was read before the British association by Dr. W. K. Sibley, who said that Professor Ball in "Le Dualisme Cerebral" speaks of man as a right-handed animal. Being right-handed, it is popularly assumed that he is also right-legged, but this does not appear to be the case.

Standing working with the right hand, there is a tendency to use the left leg for balance. Many people find less exertion in going round circles to the right than in circles to the left. Race paths are nearly always made for running in circles to the right. So the majority of movements are more readily performed to the right, as dancing, running, etc.

The rule in walking is to keep to the right, and this appears to be almost universal. It is more natural to bear to the right. Of a large number of people from the better educated classes asked about the existence of the rule, only 67 per cent males and 53 per cent females were aware of the rule.

The large majority obey it unconsciously in walking. Crowds tend to bear to the right. The left leg being the stronger, it is more readily brought into action. Hence troops start off with the left foot. It is the foot which is placed into the stirrup of the saddle or step of the bicycle in mounting. So the left is the foot which a man takes off from in jumping.

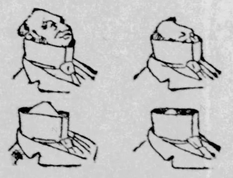
In the experiments of Mr. G. H. Darwin, blindfolding boys and telling them to walk straight, the right-handed one diverged to the right, and vice versa. From measurements of Dr. Garson of the skeletons of the two legs, in 54 3 per cent the left was the longer and 35 8 the right.

For measurements of the feet the author collected the drawings and measurements of 200 pairs, with the result that in 44 per cent the left was longer, in 21.5 per cent the right, and in 34.5 per cent they were the same size. Measurement at the first joint gave 50 per cent left larger, and at the instep 42.5 per cent.

From the table of the figures it is observed that the left foot is more frequently the larger in the male than female sex, and the percentage of feet of the same size is greater in the female. The percentage of the right larger than the left is very constant, whereas the numbers of the left larger and those in which both feet were the same size are much more variable.

Man, being naturally or artificially right-handed and left-legged, tends unconsciously to bear to the right; lower animals, on the other hand, appear nearly always to circle to the left.

The High Collar and the Long Sermon.
From Texas Siftings.



Showing Deacon White during the first fifteen minutes, second fifteen minutes, third fifteen minutes and fourth fifteen minutes.

Best Motives to Action.

In private life, and in all life, the best motives to action are those which lie outside of self and its supposed interests. To build the ship stanch and safe and the house firm and healthful for the sake of human lives that will be intrusted to them, to administer justice because of its equity, to heal disease, and teach sanitary laws for the sake of suffering humanity, to cherish in every employment some glimpse of and interest in the good that it is to produce in the world, introduces a finer element into the labor, and actually brings forth a better quality of work than can be educed by the mere hope of personal benefit to the worker.

The Small Boy Tearer.

It is a lucky boy who is taller than his father. He does not have to wear his paternal ancestor's old clothes.—[Lawrence American.

A boy may have a stone bruise so severe as to prevent his attending school, yet he can run bases like a pony express.—[Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal.

A boy at echo can always tell by the looks of another boy's fingers when the other boy's father is having his house painted.—[Somerville Journal.

—A faded and discolored beard is untidy and unfashionable. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a tested coloring remedy.

ALL ABOUT HYPNOTISM.

What Hypnotism Is and How It Is Worked.

The term hypnotism is nearly synonymous with mesmerism, animal magnetism, braidism and syggingnoscism. Hypnotism is believed to have been practiced by religionists many centuries ago; but little, however, is known of its history previous to the time of Mesner (1778). Since then, hypnotism has been much studied by many eminent men in the professions of medicine, science, religion and the art. There came a time when the interest in it flagged very greatly; but a few years ago a revival took place in France, and since then it has been gradually recognized as a therapeutic agent and employed by many physicians all over the world. One of the earliest uses of hypnotism was to produce a state of insensibility so that surgical operations could be performed without pain. But it has been applied for many other purposes, and some men, very skillful in its application, use it in the treatment of a long list of diseases, both acute and chronic. Nervous affections sometimes yield very readily to its influence.

To produce hypnotism, operators have methods which vary somewhat in detail, but the principle is the same. Most all use passes, although some depend almost entirely, if not entirely, upon the fixation of the gaze. For reasons which will appear anon, none of the methods employed to produce the hypnotic state will be described in this communication. As to the force generated or liberated in hypnotism, no one pretends to know; but many believe it to be electric, or perhaps magnetic. According to one observer, the description the subjects give of their sensations is that they first feel their fingers tingle, and their hands and feet get cold; then they become sleepy, and when told that they cannot open their eyes they say they hear and know all, but cannot open them; then comes sleep, unless it is desired to extract a tooth or do some such work when the subject is not entirely unconscious. Then they know and do as bidden, but suffer no pain. They say if the skin is cut it feels as if something is were being gently drawn over it, and they feel the forceps applied to the tooth, but that pulling the tooth feels like pulling a peg out of a hole.

As to the value of hypnotism as a remedial agent, there is necessarily much difference of opinion. Some physicians consider its range a very limited one, while others think it applicable to a long list of affections. The majority of those who ought to know best appear to agree that it will undoubtedly prove of very great service in properly selected cases in medical practice. As for its use in surgical operations, as a substitute for gas, ether or chloroform, it can never displace them to more than a very slight extent, except, perhaps, it be with children. Very many who are about to have an operation performed must necessarily be so nervous that hypnotism will be quite out of the question.

And there will doubtless always exist persons who will be insensible to the efforts of operators. Some subjects are easy to hypnotize, while with others it is the reverse, to which of these classes a person belongs cannot be known until an effort to put him into the hypnotic state is made. And in the susceptible cases not infrequently several seances are necessary before the power of the operator is sufficiently felt.

One very important point that the study of hypnotism has brought out and emphasized, says an observer, is that of mind-suggestion. Doubtless most of the slight aches and pains that the general practitioner is called upon to treat are partly imaginary, and all that is necessary for cure is a certain amount of faith on the part of the patient, begotten by judicious suggestion by the medical man. At first sight this seems to be a sort of charlatanery, but it is impossible to deny its efficacy, and it is much safer for the doctor to acknowledge, to himself at least, that it is not his simple remedy which has wrought the cure, but his suggestion to the patient. One needs no better example of the power of suggestion than the many cures brought about by the faith cure. In this case religious fanaticism is called upon to produce an effect upon the mind of the credulous patient, and if the malady is an imaginary one the relief is instantaneous.

We now come to the reason why none of the methods employed to produce hypnotism have been herein described. It is an agent which only should be used by suitable physicians, for, like others which they employ, it will do much harm if injudiciously applied. Were the methods known there would naturally be a tendency on the part of some to try it as a means of amusement, while, without doubt, there are not a few who would use it for no good purpose. That hypnotism may be rightly applied and without injury, it must be exclusively confined to physicians, who alone are capable of distinguishing between those subjects upon whom it is likely to do good and those likely to be injured by it. It is a well-known fact that persons who are often hypnotized finally become so susceptible that the act is accomplished with the greatest ease. And in a few instances of subjects often treated for a long time it requires scarcely more than a single glance for the operator to throw them into a hypnotic sleep.

So it will be seen that hypnotism might prove a menace to society unless steps were taken to guard against it. The first precaution to suggest itself is the prohibition of all public exhibitions of hypnotism or mesmerism. This remarkable power should, if possible, be limited by law to the treatment of disease. And the operator should be permitted to influence his subject only as health may be improved.—*Boston Herald.*

Scotland's First Pheasants.

It is a curious fact that pheasants, which are now killed in Scotland by thousands, were first introduced into that country only about ninety years ago. The then Duke of Athole attempted to acclimatize them in his extensive woods around Dunkeld, but the Duke of Buccleuch was more successful in the border counties, as he introduced them (after a successful trial in Dalkeith Park) at Bowhill, in Selkirkshire, and in Dumfrieshire, both at Langholm and Drumlanrig. The Fifeshire pheasants are now regarded as being the finest, just as Caithness yields the best grouse and East Lothian the best partridges. George IV. sent pheasants out of fashion for a long time by repeatedly announcing that he did not care for them, but infinitely preferred a good fowl.

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

Smiles That Paid.

A wealthy German who died not long ago, in his will left the whole of his property to a person whom he had seen every day for years. This was a young lady who lived directly opposite his own lodgings. Of this young lady the old gentleman knew nothing whatever except her name and the grateful fact that for several years, as he had passed to and fro, she had treated his coming and going with a pleasant, friendly smile. He was lonely in his elderly bachelorhood, and the daily smile cheered and made him grateful. No tie, indeed, seems to have bound him to any human being except to the fair damsel who thus silently brightened his solitude.

The Worm Turned.

Mr. Bully Ragg—"Now, sir, you have stated, under oath, that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?"

Down-trodden witness—"Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—er——"

Mr. Bully Ragg—"I don't want any of your ers, sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see any body in this court-room who looks like a gentleman?"

Witness (with sudden asperity)—"I can if you'll stand out of the way. You're not transparent."—[Time.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

AFTER MANY YEARS

They Met Again—An Old Soldier's Interesting Story.

AFTER Banks's retreat from Winchester, late in the spring of 1862, our regiment, the 60th New York, in which I was a sergeant, was ordered to Harper's Ferry, and we encamped on Bolivar Heights.

One morning, in company with a young comrade, I started out on a little foraging expedition beyond the picket lines.

About two miles from camp, down on the bank of the Shenandoah, we spied a neat, white house, and began to speculate on what we might find there. My comrade, Ben, was anxious to go and reconnoiter, but I, being older, was more cautious, and advised taking another direction.

Our parleying was cut short by two rebs springing from ambush and demanding our surrender. I appeared to be defenseless, though I had a wicked little revolver in my vest pocket; but Ben had a good gun.

I said, "Well, you have the drop on us," but Ben took to his heels. Poor boy! He had gone but a few paces when the younger reb—a smooth-faced lad of 20, sedate-looking as a parson—fired, and Ben fell, shot through the heart.

That young rebel was a smart one! His gun was old, so he went to Ben and took his cartridge belt and bright new gun; then we took up a line of march for their camp. The elder reb, a captain, questioned me concerning our numbers, ammunition, etc., and I, of course, did some tall exaggerating.

The captain assumed a serious air, and said he thought it best to go over to that white house and confer with some brother officers who were staying there; so I was left in charge of the young Johnny.

I appeared to be a very docile prisoner, but I was watching my chance, I can tell you.

It came soon.

We were entering a strip of woods, when I carelessly lifted my hand to my vest pocket, and a good deal quicker than I can tell it I fired two shots from that little revolver, and down went the reb!

Without waiting to see if he was "sure enough" dead, I retook the gun and belt and made a break for camp.

I never had such a run in my life. As soon as I was safely inside of our lines, and had regained my breath, I told my story.

A squad of men was sent out to get Ben's body. They got the Johnny, too, for he had severed rebel coat, and was calling for help. He was sent to the hospital, and from that time was lost to my ken.

* * *

Now comes the part of my story that sounds almost like romance; but "truth is stranger than fiction," you know.

While going from Pittsburg to St. Louis to attend the encampment, anecdotes and reminiscences of the war filled in the time, the passengers being mostly soldiers and their families.

Seated near me was a tall, slender man, of very clerical appearance, relating to a comrade some of his own experience "endurin' of de wah"—as the darkies used to say.

I listened with ears "pinned back" as you may imagine, for well I knew the first part of the story he was telling. It was easy to see that he was just the man one might have expected that rebel boy to make, and I was not surprised that he had become a preacher.

Well, my erstwhile captor went on to tell that he had preached in many cities; had attended many reunions, but never yet had he learned anything of this "Yank" who gave him his first and last wound.

I went to the preacher and asked him if he really wished to see the man he had been talking about.

Looking up eagerly, he said: "I do indeed; for I feel that I owe him a debt of gratitude. I desire greatly to take him by the hand, if I can find him."

I could see that he did not dream that I was "the man." Said I:

"Do your remember that you took my poor comrade's bright new gun, and that I got it back again?"

He did remember. Then I said: "Parson, here's my hand—shake!"

And we "shook."—THE YANK, Peotone, Kas.

"LICK BEHIND!"

An Application of the Old-Time Words to the Present State of Affairs.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The word "lick behind" became popular many years ago through a witty writer who described two youths that were plodding along a highway, foot-sore and weary. By chance a stage-coach of "ye olden time" came rolling by, and in the parlance of the boy of to-day, they "bought on" behind and considered it a "bonanza." But, alas! for us poor mortals; we are not all equally fortunate. And so with the two weary lads. The boy who failed to maintain his grip on the stage-coach became suddenly chock full of envy and lustily cried out to the driver, "lick behind!" In sentiment the word speaks volumes, and is quite applicable.

While I am not looking around for that boy, or any other who could possess so much envy, jealousy and malice of heart, yet on looking over a paper published at Washington, the *National Democrat*, I am led to think I have found that identical boy. But what right have I to speak or retaliate? I hate a "chronic kicker;" but entrance a man of the "a virtue under such abuse as the defenders of our country receive at the hands of such sheets. There seems nothing too vile, too rank or too bitter for these stay-at-home kickers to utter. I have always had the greatest respect for my country's defenders; further, I am proud to be one of that class myself. My great-grandparents were born on American soil and was a soldier in his day. In my father's family were five boys, who tendered their services when needed, four of whom were accepted, serving faithfully. One of the four draws a pension, while all obey and support the laws of our land (pension laws included) and were never known to herald the cry "lick behind!" That word is sweet to a certain class; and why so? They ought to be contented with the former pet names they dubbed the soldiers; such as, "Lincoln's Dogs," "Lincoln's Hirelings," "Suckers," "Government Pets," "Government Paupers," "Frauds," "Swindlers," "Grand Army Raiders," etc. Where are these "lick-behind" chaps? Surely they are not any of the veterans bearing the scars of honorable service; consequently, if not young and tender, they must belong to the party who hired substitutes and forgot to pay them! Yes, "lick behind" is their motto, and I have come to the conclusion that if the "lick-behind" party sing that song until they "catch on," they will sing a great many years longer.—AMERICAN, Canal Louisville, Ohio.

PARMER'S SCOUTS.

Fired on From Ambush—Death of a Rebel Captain.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—We had been scouting through the southern part of Kentucky, and were on our way from Taylorsville to Blumfield, on the L. T. and B. pike. Just at dark, as we were going into camp one evening, we were fired upon from ambush. The rebels, who lay hidden on either side of the pike, called "halt," and then fired. Four of the six in advance fell. One they shot twice, then took him back a short distance and finished him. Major Wilson and myself remained unhurt. I heard one of the Johnnies say to the officer:

"What shall we do with this d——d yankee s——n of a b——h?"

"Shoot him," said the officer.

So they did; and after taking all the money he had (25 cents) and his boots, they left.

The next morning Capt. Teral joined us, and dividing our forces, we proceeded on the different roads leading to Manton. There we entrapped Capt. Marion, the rebel scout, who had taken up quarters at a "still-house. On seeing our boys he attempted to escape, but a soldier named Bowman aimed at him with both carbine and pistol, simultaneously discharging the two weapons. The contents of the carbine took effect, crushing his skull. Bowman dismounted, and picking up the body of the rebel threw it across his horse and brought it back to town. It was a terrible sight. We washed, dressed and prepared for burial the body of the deceased rebel and shipped the remains to Gen. Parmer, at Louisville, who was in command at that time. If any of Parmer's sc

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not report.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Ambergris—Falconry.

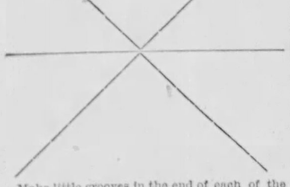
B. Stell, Kansas: Ambergris is a morbid secretion of the liver of the spermaceti whale, and is principally found floating upon the seas of warm climates, intermixed with the remains of the food of whales; it is also met with in the intestines of the whale. When of good quality it is of a bright, gray color, streaked with black and yellow, so soft that it may be flattened in the fingers, and has a most agreeable odor if rubbed or heated. Its fracture presents a fine grain, its cut surface a waxy appearance. It is somewhat lighter than water, fuses at 140 degrees to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, and at a high temperature gives out a white smoke that condenses into a crystalline fatty matter. It contains about 85 per cent of a fatty fragrant substance called ambreine, which is extracted by boiling in alcohol, and separating the crystals that form in the cooled solution. It is a favorite, though expensive perfume, generally used in its alcoholic solution. Persons engaged in whale fishing look for ambergris in the intestines of the spermaceti whales, and are most successful in finding it in those that appear torpid, sick and lean; whence it would seem that the substance is a product of disease. It is in the lower part only of the intestinal canal, mixed with the faeces that the substance is found. The lumps of it are from three inches to a foot in diameter, and from one pound to 25 or 30 pounds in weight. The largest piece known was bought by the Dutch East India company of the King of Tidore; it weighed 182 pounds. A piece weighing 130 pounds was found inside a whale that Edward Edwards took and was sold for $2,500. Genuine ambergris emits a fragrant smell when a hot needle is thrust into it. It also melts like fat to a uniform consistence. The counterfeit does not present these peculiarities. Falconry is the art of bird of prey and is found throughout the world regardless of climate. Falcons and hawks are best trained from the nest; they have bells attached to their feet, jesses of soft leather to the bodies, hoods on the head which prevent them from seeing while they allow them to eat; birds taken after they have left the nest, or which have been caught in snares, are the most difficult to train, and hunger, confinement, fatigue and gentleness are employed to subdue them to a point necessary for lessons; they are taught to leap upon the hand of their master to receive food, which is placed upon a rude representation of the bird or animal which they are to be taught to take; when an object or less length of tether, until left at perfect liberty. The older and larger the bird, the more difficult the training. They are fed with beef and various kinds of food received at full and scrupulously cleaned of all dirt; they are taught to pursue other birds of prey, the heron, the crow, the pie, larks, quails, partridges, the hare and other game. Descriptions of the lordly sport of falconry can be found in the romances of Walter Scott and other delineators of the days of chivalry.

What Was the Feudal System?

Ethel E. Edmundson, Elm City, Kansas: The Feudal System is the name given to the condition of society that prevailed in Europe during the middle ages, and was the consequence of the perpetual struggle of civilization against barbarism. When the barbarian hordes had overthrown the Roman empire and established themselves in the rich provinces they proceeded to secure their possessions by dividing the soil among the chiefs, the largest falling to the lot of the most noted chiefs and warriors. The chiefs, in turn, subdivided their immense holdings among their warlike followers; all this, be it remembered, on the condition of their rendering military service when called upon by their superiors. Thus the feudal system was in fact a military institution, and, as it gained form and consistency, the paramount idea came to be that the whole conquered country had originally devolved upon the leaders-in-chief, or king, who had parceled it out among his followers, as the latter had amongst their, in consideration of the performance of certain stipulated duties, the chief obligation of which each bound himself by oath, on pain of forfeiting his estate or fief in case of non-fulfillment or of disobedience. The means this provided for national security were more apparent than real. Chiefs little less powerful than their nominal sovereign, on any occasion of offence, either banded together or allied themselves with rival princes. Hardly ever was the country free or ready to war upon each other on any pretext, whether to avenge supposed insults or to enrich themselves at the expense of their neighbors. The fiefs which these nobles at first held for life they soon succeeded in rendering hereditary, and, after this usurpation, they claimed the chief offices of power and trust and distinguishable titles of honor, as transmissible, of right, to their descendants likewise, creating a shy further, they asserted supreme jurisdiction, civil and criminal, each within his own territories. Such being the state of affairs, the history of Europe from the 7th to the 11th century exhibits each kingdom torn by the dissensions and the prey to the same intestine broils. The law of natural progress applied the remedy to all this. Commerce and trade created new interests, new ideas and a new order of things. Towns and cities grew to importance. Fresh charters, privileges and immunities were showered upon them, and, in return for royal charters, they lent their benefactors solid support, both in men and money, when the monarchs were hard pressed by rebellious nobles. It was this growth of the towns, increase of commerce, development of the commercial spirit, acquisition of military knowledge by the people in several countries, scientific inventions and discoveries and the application of gunpowder to the use of war, that aided the downfall of the Feudal system.

How to Make a Kite.

C. W. Allen, Lily, South Dakota: Boys hereabouts usually make a kite by taking two thin, light strips of wood, say ¼ inch wide and ⅛ inch thick, and crossing them a little above the middle, so as to form an X. A third strip, say two-thirds the length of the others, is placed on the cross and a tack put through to hold the three in place. The result will be a frame like this:



Make little grooves in the end of each of the six ends and tying a string on one, run it in all the grooves till the frame has a string all around it. Then take a newspaper and laying the frame upon it, cut the paper in the shape of the frame but about two inches larger all the way around. Paste these outside edges and fold them over the string, and your kite is practically finished. On the front of the kite run strings loosely from the ends of the long sticks, and at the cross fasten on your ball of twine, which you will use to fly the kite. From the bottom of the long sticks suspend a tail, made of twists of paper tied to a long string. This, in brief, is the formula used in making kites. A little practice will enable you to correct any faults that the imperfect description has led you into. The sticks must be light and strong. Care must be taken to have the adjustment just right when the twine is fastened to the kite, or it will pitch and toss from side to side. The tail must not be too short nor too long. But experience is the best teacher, after all, in the matter of making a kite.

Early Days of Our Postal Service.

J. C. J., Sylvania, O.: In 1672 a mail was established between Boston and New York, through Hartford. The round trip was to be made once a month. Postage was four pence for each letter carried less than 60 miles, and two pence for each additional one hundred miles. The first government postoffice was established in 1710, in accordance with an act of Parliament, providing for a general post office for all Engl sh dominions. One central office was to be at New York, and other offices were to be in convenient places in each colony. In 1737, Col. Spotswood was the post-master general of America, and was succeeded by Benjamin Franklin and William Hunter. In 1794, Franklin gave notice that mail for New England which used to start from Philadelphia "once a fortnight in winter, would start once a week all the year, whereby answers might be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston, in three weeks, which used to require six weeks." On July 26, 1775, a post office department was established by the Continental congress, and Franklin was made Postmaster General, at a salary of $1,000 a year. The organization of the new department was very slow. In 1792, rates were fixed at six cents on each letter carried 30 miles or less, and 25 cents on each letter carried 450 miles or more. On newspapers, the rate was one cent for 100 miles or less, and a cent and a half for longer distances. The year before this the first mail wagon west of Albany, N. Y., was started by a Mr. Bud, who had been carrying the mail on horseback from Albany to Canajoharie, once a week. At the suggestion of a traveler he started a mail wagon, and carried passengers between these two places, and this service developed into the great stage lines of Central New York. On Sept. 16, 1858, the first overland mail ever started for California, from the east, left St. Louis.

The Largest Building in the World.

"Antiquarian, Maumville, Florida.: Most people suppose that the largest buildings in the world are St. Peter's Cathedral, in Rome; the City Hall, at Philadelphia; St. Paul's Cathedral, or Westminster Abbey, in London. Yet such is not the case. There are many large buildings both in the United States and in Europe; many hundred roomed structures of stone and iron, glass and brick. Every American, European and Oriental country has its scores of public and private mansions, yet Vienna, Austria, has the giant of them all. The "Freihaus" (free house,) situated in Wieden, a suburb of the city just mentioned, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, sleep and eat. It contains in all between 1,200 and 1,400 rooms, divided into upwards of 400 dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each.

This immense house has thirteen court-yards —five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor on first entering relates that he once spent to hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house. Scarcely a trade, handiwork or profession can be named which is not represented in the building. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, bookbinders, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, governesses, clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, 29 shoemakers and many other tradesmen live in it. The house has 31 staircases, and fronts on three streets and one square. In one day the postman's delivery has been known to as many as 1,100 pieces to this single but titanic house. To address a letter to the house and to the person it is intended for does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it. In order to "make assurance doubly sure," all letters addressed to the "Freihaus" must be provided with both the given and the surname of the person for whom it was intended, the number of the court, the number of the staircase and the number of the apartment, otherwise it is as apt to go astray as though addressed to a city unprovided with directions as to the street and number. At the present time 2,112 persons live in this immense building and pay an annual rental of 100,000 florins.

The Census.

Many Readers: The work of collecting the material for the tenth census will require the services of 175 supervisors and 42,000 enumerators. The latter force will be employed only about six weeks. They will be required to report to the Washington office daily by postal card, which means, in short, 42,000 pieces of mail every 24 hours from this source alone. Their pay will average $4 a day. The supervisors will receive not less than $500, and in the case of those stationed at New York, Brooklyn and larger cities the remuneration will be several times this sum. One thousand enumerators will be needed in Pennsylvania, required in New York city alone. The force for the state will reach not less than 3,000. Superintendent Porter does not propose that the work or the proving data of census shall be delayed in the least by the previous census was. A very considerable amount of the preliminary labor has already been performed, and the work is ahead advanced a year and a half beyond what the previous census was at the same relative stage. Mr. Porter believes that within three years from the time the enumerators are put in the field he will have all the data in type and ready for distribution. He thinks three times as much work will be done with one to-night.

A. Ward, New Plymouth, O.: The great bank of Newfoundland is the most extensive submarine elevation known to exist in the ocean, being above 600 miles in length, by a breadth of 200 wide, with surroundings from 50 to 100 fathoms in the base of the whole being apparently a mass of rock. It is a great resort of the codfish. 2.—Your question about ambergris is answered in the BUREAU this week, the same question having been asked by another reader.

H. A. Been, Horseheads, N. Y.: London is believed to be the largest city in the world. In 1881 that portion of it included within the registration area had 3,814,571 inhabitants, occupying 75,362 acres. "Greater London," as the entire London police district is called, had 4,764,312 inhabitants, occupying 687 square miles. At present "Registracion London" alone has hardly less than 4,250,000 souls, and "Greater London" or the whole city, has probably over 5,260,000.

E. R. S., Fremont, Ind.: The name of Vice-President Morton's private secretary is R. S. Chilton, jr. In the Question Bureau of November 14 read the answer under the caption "No truth in it," top of second column, and read to the ninety page, middle of second column, and read dispatch from our Washington correspondent under heading "Vice-President Morton." That is authoritative and should settle the question.

——, Amboy, Minn.: 1.—You probably refer to what is known as a common law marriage, where man and woman have lived together as man and wife, have so regarded and treated each other in their daily life and have given everyone to understand they are man and wife. These common law marriages have been frequently sustained by the courts, although of course the safest and best way is to have the ceremony performed by authorized officials in the presence of witnesses.

W. F., Plains, Montana: Robert T. Lincoln was secretary of War in President Arthur's Cabinet. 2.—The orchid is a species of orchis, which is an endogenous plant, having the stamens and pistils united in a single column, around which the petals are irregularly arranged. The flowers are usually fragrant, of great beauty and singular in form. It has usually small round tubers, and is found all over the world. Among familiar species are the lady's slipper, the putty root and the salep.

Consternation.

The housewife woke with sudden fright,
About the hour of two,
And, trembling, lay with gasping breath,
Not knowing what to do.

All sorts of plans for safety sped
Like lightning through her brain,
But still she was inanimate
Held fast by terror's chain.

Was there burglar down below,
Revealed by latch's click,
That made her heart almost stand still
And every fibre sick.

Was creaking step upon the stair,
Had baby ceased to breathe,
That she should take this Russian bath
Or creeping chills receive?

Was smell of smoke within the house,
Had she forgot her prayers?
Oh, no, she simply had not brought
The silverware up stairs!

—Boston Evening Transcript.

To Cut an Apple Into Quarters.

Pass a string by means of a needle across the apple, which is divided by pulling the two ends of the string, crossing under the peel. Operate in the same manner on the opposite side of the apple, so as to divide it into a second half, and it will be perfectly divided into quarters, although enveloped by the peel.

His Wife Was Posted.

Cobwigger—When your wife found those pool tickets in your pocket did she say anything before she threw them in the fire?

Brown—Yes. She asked if any of them were winners.—[Life.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

The Cause of Thunder.

Weather, Danville, Ill.: Professor Hirn concisely treats the subject of the causes of thunder thus: "The sound which is known as thunder is due simply to the fact that the air traversed by the electric spark—that is, a flash of lightning—is suddenly raised to a very high temperature, and has its volume considerably increased. The column of gas thus suddenly heated and expanded is sometimes several miles long, and as the duration of the flash is not even a millionth of a second, it follows that the noise bursts forth at once from the whole column, though, for any observer placed in one place, it comes to the ear at the least distance. The beginning of the thunder clap gives us the minimum distance of the lightning, and the length of the thunder clap gives us the length of the column. When a flash of lightning strikes the ground, it is not necessarily from the place struck that the first noise is heard. A bullet whistles in traversing the air, so that we can, to a certain extent, follow its flight; the same thing also happening with a falling meteorite just before striking the earth. The noise actually heard has been compared to the sound produced when one tears linen. It is also really to be noted that the air rapidly pushed on one side in front of the projectile, whether bullet or meteorite, quickly rushes back to fill the gap left in the rear."

The "New" and "Full" Moons.

Reader, Middlesex, Pa.: Situated at an average distance of 238,818 miles from us, the moon moves around the earth in 27.32166 days, this being her mean sideral revolution. To this motion are due her monthly phases. The course of these, however, is only completed in a lunar month, the mean length of which amounts to 29.53059 days. For the phases depend upon the moon's position with respect to the sun, which is constantly advancing in the direction of her motion. So that after completing 360 degrees of her orbit, she has the whole amount of the sun's monthly progress, which is an arc of about 29 degrees, to pass over before she can complete her course of phases. When new or full moon she always presents to the sun an illuminated hemisphere; her phases depend upon the amount of that hemisphere turned toward the earth. If the earth is directly between her and the sun, we see all of it; if the sun is at the back of us, we see none of it; if she is midway between these positions, we see half of it. In the first position she is said to be in opposition; in the second, in conjunction; in the third, in quadrature; and the phases, in order, are known familiarly as "new," "crescent," "half moon," "gibbous" and "full."

Cyrus W. Field.

C. M. Mcdaris, Manning, Kan.: Cyrus West Field, merchant, son of Rev. Dr. Field, of Stockbridge, Mass., was born in Stockbridge, November 13, 1819. He went to New York in 1835, and from a clerkship rose in the head of a prosperous mercantile house. In 1853 he spent six months in South American travel. On his return he became deeply interested in the project of a telegraph across the ocean. Early in 1854 he was instrumental in procuring a charter from the province of Newfoundland, granting an exclusive right for 50 years, to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to Newfoundland, and thence to Europe, associating Professor Morrith Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, and other citizens of New York, under the title of the "New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph company." In 1856 he organized the Atlantic Telegraph company, to continue the line from Newfoundland to Ireland; subsequently procured from the American and British governments aid in money and ships, and accompanied the expeditions of 1857 and 1858 for the purpose of laying the cable across the Atlantic. After two failures, Mr. Field and his coadjutors succeeded, and began to operate with the American telegraph in August, 1866.

The Manufacture of Needles.

Sewing Girl, Norwalk, O.: Fine sewing needles of steel seem to have been invented in Spain, at least if the term "Spanish needles," formerly applied to them, is at all significant in their origin. Stow says: "The making of Spanish needles was first taught in England by Rhias Crowse, a Germaine, about the eighth year of Queen Elizabeth, and in Queen Mary's time there was a negro made fine Spanish needles in Cheapside, but would never teach his art to any." Another writer says: "Needles were first made in England by a native of India (probably Stow's 'negro') in 1545; but the art was lost at his death. It was, however, recovered in 1650 by Christopher Greening, who settled with his three children at Long Crendon in Buckinghamshire." From Long Crendon the needlemakers migrated to Alcester, Studley, and Redditch, being induced to go there, probably for the sake of water power, and the emery stones found in those places. About 1560, the needle makers were incorporated and received armorial bearings: crest—Moors' head; shield—field, vert, three needles argent; ducally crowned; or, supporters, Adam and Eve; legend: "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons." This information is extracted from Tomlinson's "Useful Arts and Manufactures."

Miscellaneous.

Enquirer: It is against the rules of this department to give addresses of firms.

William J. Bell, St. Paul, Minn.: We cannot find anything about the article you mention.

Mrs. J. M., Cambridge City, Ind.: The paper for children at you mention is published in Philadelphia, Pa.

A Subscriber, Sago, O.: If you have taken the periodical from the postoffice you can be compelled to pay for it.

A. E. A., Windsor Mills, O.: The document you send is doubtless a campaign effort inspired by Governor Foraker's enemies.

D. J. A. White, Enon Valley, Pa.: Your question has been referred to the Farm department, where an answer will be found.

Mrs. ——, ——, Hopkinton, Iowa: We have no means of ascertaining the value of the coin and do not know where you could dispose of it.

M. T. John, Newtonville, Ind.: Do not know the firm you mention, and could not advertise it gratuitously in this column if we did know it.

J. W., Falun, Kan.: Enclose $1.25 to THE BLADE, Toledo, O., and a copy of John McElroy's celebrated book, "Andersonville," will be sent you, postpaid.

L. E. Castle, Woodsworth, Wis.: Chemistry is taught in all the colleges. It is better to take a regular course under proper instructors than to attempt it at home.

Alexander Union School, ——: Your friends there can render you more assistance than we can at this distance, and knowing nothing about the attendant circumstances.

U. A. B., Boomer, Mo.: In the early times there were people who held that the earth was flat, but in the light of modern science such theory now has no supporters.

——, Amboy, Minn.: 1.—Advertise in papers devoted to minimatics. 2.—The State department at Washington will give you the names and addresses of our foreign ministers.

G. W. S.: It is hard to answer your question, as it depends entirely upon the capability, perseverance and industry of the individual. Good progress could be made in three months' time.

E. E. Clark, Pittsburg, Pa.: "Lucile" was written in 1860 by Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, who published it and a number of other poems under the pseudonym of Owen Meredith.

C. Gaffeney, Red Oak, Mo.: Some remarkable instances of so-called mind-reading are on record, but the persons performing the phenomena are very careful not to explain how they accomplish their feats.

Lottie A. Tinker, Malcolm, Iowa: George Washington, the first President of the United States, was the fourth son of Augustine, who died when George was 11 years of age. 2.—Probably in some dime museum.

Reader of THE BLADE, Helena, O.: On July 10, 1790, Philadelphia was made temporarily the United States capital by an act of bill passed by congress. On July 16, same year, Maryland and Virginia made concessions which resulted in the capital being located in the District of Columbia.

J. R. Vanderbilt, Mt. Auburn, Ill.: Read the answer in the Question Bureau of November 14, entitled "No truth in it;" also the telegram from our Washington correspondent on eighth page, second column, "Vice-President Morton," same issue. A correspondent at Lodge, Ill., will find her question answered by reading the above, as will also Mrs. Mamie Gordon, Bedford, Mont.

J. P. L., Huron, Dak.: The oldest newspaper in the world is *King Pau*, or capital sheet, which is published at Pekin, China. It first appeared in the year 911 and since 1312 has not missed a single issue. For the first few hundred years all the work on the *King-Pau* was done with brushes. At present it prints three editions daily and has a circulation of 14,000 copies.

H. J. H., Ontario, N. Y.: 1.—Your question has been referred to the business office, whence you will be communicated with. 2.—We cannot answer questions in regard to circulation, against the rules of the department. 3.—Politeness, if nothing else, would lead you to speak of the person to whom you are talking before mentioning the third. Thus: "Excuse me, but Mr. ——— and I were talking about you to-night."

A. Ward, New Plymouth, O.: The great bank of Newfoundland is the most extensive submarine elevation known to exist in the ocean, being above 600 miles in length, by a breadth of 200 wide, with surroundings from 50 to 100 fathoms in the base of the whole being apparently a mass of rock. It is a great resort of the codfish. 2.—Your question about ambergris is answered in the BUREAU this week, the same question having been asked by another reader.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a flesh producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

THE HOUSE TO BE A MEMORIAL.

A Proposition for the Government to Purchase It—Reminiscences of the Night on Which the Martyr President Was Assassinated—Some Sad Relics.

THE announcement of the death of Mrs. Louise Rector, in Chicago, this week, brings up afresh to my mind some memories in regard to the assassination of President Lincoln, beside those which I have already written. Mrs. Rector was a Miss Peterson, a daughter of the owner of the house into which President Lincoln was carried after the tragedy in Ford's theater and where the martyred President breathed his last. This house is still standing on Tenth street in Washington, and is still visited by many who go to the National Capital. After the death of Mr. Lincoln, the room in which he died was for some time kept just as it was on that awful night, for Mr. Peterson hoped that the government would purchase the building. An attempt was made to secure it and Secretary Stanton offered $25,000 for the property, Mr. Peterson put up the price to $35,000, and the secretary withdrew in great wrath, saying that it was downright robbery to ask such a price, and never renewed his proposal.

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It was an exorbitant price, for the property wasn't worth at that time over $5,000 and to-day the adjoining house could be bought for twice that sum. The Peterson's kept the bed-clothes that were on the bed on which President Lincoln lay, and I remember on one anniversary of the assassination one of the young men brought to my office, when I was in charge of the *National Republican*, the sheet, pillow and counterpane which had been preserved and held them up for my inspection. There were blood stains on both pillow and sheet. The pillow, it appears, was retained by Mrs. Rector, who took it with her when she removed with her husband to Chicago.

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I visited the house sometime ago, and the room in which the President died is the long narrow chamber back of the hall on the first floor, which was then occupied by the family as a sitting room. An excellent pen and ink portrait of Mr. Lincoln, the work of one of the daughters of the household, some old family portraits and pictures of George and Martha Washington adorned the walls. On that eventful night Mrs. Lincoln occupied the front room and the cabinet held consultations in the second room back until the President's remains were removed. It has been stated that Andrew Johnson was sworn in as President the first time in this consultation room, but my recollection is that the oath was first administered to him in his room at the Kirkwood House immediately after Mr. Lincoln had expired. Mr. Johnson again took the oath at the Capitol.

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I have always believed that this house should be purchased by the government and converted into a Lincoln memorial, and I understand that a movement to that end is now on foot and will be pressed on Congress this winter. It has passed out of the hands of Mr. Peterson, and is now owned by a Mr. Schade, the proprietor of a weekly paper, and it is quite likely he would be as exorbitant in his demands as was the former owner. Still this building should become public property. The sacred associations that cluster around it gives it an interest to every patriotic citizen. As I have said, strangers going to Washington visit the house, and though the family is very courteous and readily answer all questions, they must be greatly annoyed by the daily interruptions. Senator Ingalls once told Mr. Schade that he ought to charge an admission fee as compensation for his loss of time and the wear of his carpets.

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If the house were purchased by the government, all the relics and papers pertaining to the building on the sad occasion which they commemorate should be collected and placed on exhibition. Many things relating to the trial and execution of the assassins could also be obtained and added to the collection, which would become interesting and valuable. Then people might freely visit this sacred spot, feeling that they had a part ownership in the dwelling, and knowing that they were not in any sense of the word trespassing upon private property.

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Now that I am upon the subject of Mr. Lincoln I may as well say something about his son, the present minister to England. I see that the Atlanta *National* says that the result of the recent elections points strongly to Mr. Lincoln as the proper Presidential candidate for the Republican party. While it is too early to say who shall be the next Republican candidate it is but natural that those who know Mr. Lincoln's ability, his sterling Republicanism and honesty, should think of him in that connection. I saw a good deal of Mr. Lincoln while he was secretary of War and had opportunity to know what an admirable executive officer he made.

John Tweedale, the chief clerk of the War department, who has been in the office since he was first detailed there as a soldier in 1864 and who has won his way to his present position by merit alone, told me that no secretary within his experience had so thoroughly mastered the details of the business as Mr. Lincoln. He knew the particular duties of every bureau and the kind of work required for a paper to go through the regular routine of official action. He kept the run of all cases going through his hands, and when they did not return to him within the regular period he wanted to know the cause of the delay. He was an indefatigable worker, and had the faculty of dispatching business with great rapidity and accuracy.

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"I have seen all the war secretaries from Mr. Stanton down," said Tweedale, "and I tell you Mr. Lincoln is, in many respects the best chief we have had."

Col. Barr, deputy judge advocate general, who was detailed on duty with the secretary of war to attend to law questions that might come up during Mr. Lincoln's administration, and who now occupies the same relation to Secretary Proctor, spoke to me of Mr. Lincoln in the highest terms. He said his legal attainments were of a very high order; that he had the happy faculty of at once grasping the real point of a case, and was prompt in action. He was as strong in his convictions as his distinguished father, and he had the courage to maintain those convictions.

"Robert Lincoln," said Col. Barr, "is a far greater man than people give him credit for. He knows that many consider him merely as the son of his father, but he will win distinction in spite of his father's great fame, and on his own merits alone. He is a man of learning, a sound lawyer, shrewd and far-seeing in political matters, a cultured and refined gentleman. He will never seek political preferment. In his case the office must seek the man, and not the man the office. His Republicanism is of the staunchest kind, refreshing in its vigor and manliness."

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Every cabinet officer has to at times be subjected to the calls of newspaper men at his house. The secretary of War is not generally bothered unless there are Indian troubles out on the plains. Recently a friend was relating an experience he had with Mr. Lincoln, when the latter was at the head of the War department.

"There was some Indian row," he said, "and about 8 o'clock one night I got a tip that the War department had issued some important instructions late in the afternoon. I had been at the department at half-past four and was told that there was nothing new. It seemed that the Secretary had seen the President and talked the matter over with him at length, and after returning to the department at 5 o'clock had telegraphed instructions. Well, there was only one thing to do and that was to go to Mr. Lincoln's house. On the way up I met another newspaper man who told me that he had called and that Mrs. Lincoln was entertaining some friends and that the Secretary could not be seen.

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"I got to the house, and the servant who answered the bell didn't give me a chance to make a request, but said that the secretary was very much engaged and could see no one. I knew this nigger, and had once done him a slight favor, so I told him it was necessary that I should at least get a message to Mr. Lincoln and an answer from him. He finally took my card, and Mr. Lincoln sent for me. At first he was considerably annoyed, and told me that some half-dozen reporters had already called upon him, and that he had declined to see them. I explained that it wasn't a pleasant thing for any one of us to interfere with his domestic enjoyments, but that it was necessary that we should get the news that night, and the only source of information was himself. He recognized at once the force of the explanation; said he was sorry he had not seen the other gentlemen who had called and that he had done and gave me all I wanted to know. He even asked me if I wouldn't give the news to those who had failed to see him."

"Of course you did that?" I interjected.

"Of course I did—not," was the reply. "I just had a dandy scoop, and I kept it. But after that there was no trouble to see Lincoln at night in regard to army matters that couldn't have been ascertained during office hours."

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I know my own experience with Mr. Lincoln was extremely agreeable. I interviewed him on several occasions, and found him agreeable and affable. If the subject was one on which he could talk, he was frank and free in his utterances; if he did not deem it wise to say anything, you couldn't drag a word out of him with a mustard plaster. F. T. H.

A QUIET AFTERNOON.

"My mother had not been in rugged health for many years," she said, "and she was very weak the year father died. But after that she improved greatly, and walked about quite sturdily."

"She had long wanted to go back to the old homestead in New England, and I was able to plan so that we could go east the next summer.

"She bore the ride wonderfully well, though indeed there are so many comforts in traveling now-a-days that one can ride there quite almost as restfully as one can stay at home. But the perpetual jar is wearing, if endured for 24 hours.

"My aunt, mother's sister, was as like mother as two peas, in face, manner and conversation, and I did greatly enjoy their delight in each other. There were two windows in the family room, and an old-fashioned rocker, with feather cushion, at each window. Aunt sat at one of these, mother at the other, and there they recalled old friends and discussed old playmates.

"I never saw a woman enjoy anything so much as mother enjoyed these hours. If we two went out in the barn, as we often did, we could hardly get inside before aunt was with us, and like as not she and mother sat down there and talked half the morning. Aunt's boys, my cousins, took care of things for her, but she was capable of looking after herself very well, and mother enjoyed going out into the kitchen and hearing her sister discuss farm work with the hired man.

"There was a spring about forty rods from the house whose virtues I had heard sung 'til my life, scores and scores of times I have heard mother long for a cup of water from there, and, strange to say, when she had the water before her she declared it still possessed all its well remembered virtues, and was as delightful to her tastes as when she was a child.

"The place is a delightful one, on the hills of western Massachusetts, and I should have enjoyed my stay, even though it had not been mother's old home. But to see her enjoyment, and to listen to her ripple of happiness over every recollection, will make me happy as long as I live.

"We did quite a deal of visiting. Several grand-mothers and grand-fathers sent invitations to 'Abby' and her daughter, and mother was the finally guest with the remembrance, and with her visits. I hope that I may be as pleasantly remembered, when I am old, by my friends of earlier years as mother seemed to be with these aged people.

"The day before the time set for our return mother said to me: 'Lottie, I am going to make a great many calls to day.' 'Why,' said I, surprised, 'on whom?' 'On some of my dearest friends.' 'But you have called on all of them again and again.' 'No, not on these; I'm going to the old burying ground; most of my school-mates are there.' I said: 'Very well, I will go, too.' 'No,' she said, 'I prefer to go alone.'

"It was not far from aunt's house, and mother spent nearly half the day in the little enclosure. She came back at noon looking happy, but tired. 'I wish your father was buried there,' she said to me, but said no more. At lunch she ate sparingly, even for her, and aunt told her she had stayed out in the sun too long. But mother said, 'No, I feel very happy, and now I am going to lie down and have a quiet afternoon.'

"I tucked her up comfortably on the sofa, and she said, 'Thank you, dear,' in a sleepy voice, so I left her for an hour. When I then looked at her she was still sound asleep, and we darkened the room and shut out all sound. I was busy making arrangements for the morrow's trip and did not go near her again for a long time, and when I did she was still asleep.

"Aunt came in just then and said, 'How tired she was; let her sleep all she will.' But I was afraid of I didn't know what. I stepped to the side of the sofa; her face was white. I touched her; her quiet afternoon had lengthened into eternity." WM. H. MAHER.

OCCULTISM IN BRIEF.

A Condensed Statement of the Mystic Faith of the Theosophists.

National Review.

The Supreme Being is "the universal principle—formless, changeless, devoid of the attributes of personality and limitation," and utterly inscrutable. From a thought or idea of Him sprang the universe, of which idea it is "the sensible expression." The creative idea is also spoken of as the Universal Soul or "soul of the world," and manifests itself in two forms, spirit and matter. These two forms are at present antagonistic, but in the struggle matter is constantly defeated and will at last be entirely dissolved. Spirit will remain triumphant, and will be reabsorbed into the universal soul from whence it sprang.

This soul will then "reascend the cyclic way, and finally stand at the foot of the upper step of the spiritual worlds, as at the first hour of its emanation. Beyond that lies the great deep, or mystery." Again, the universe is governed, not by supernatural interference, but by law, eternal, immutable, and ever active. This law is, during the struggle between spirit and matter "a distinct dualism."

The actual conduct of the universe is intrusted to intelligences who are conditioned and finite, "though, compared to us, infinitely high," but whose rule is in strict conformity with law. They are developed from the soul of the world, and are elsewhere spoken of as "the occult powers of nature, emanations of the working God," Man is a trine being composed of body, soul and spirit. The soul of man contains, beside his mind or intellect, his astral or etherial body, which can, under certain circumstances, be separated from his physical body, of which it is the exact counterpart, and is then independent of the ordinary limitation of time and space.

Both these bodies are material, and, therefore, destructible; but the spirit of man is an emanation or spark of the Soul of the World, with which it will be eventually united. It is given to man, by the practice of asceticism—abstinence from animal food, alcohol, and from any infringement of the law of perfect chastity—so to free himself from the bonds of matter during his life upon earth that his spiritual faculties become developed, and he acquires a part of the omnipotence of the Soul of the World. He can then "control the sensations and alter the conditions of the physical and astral bodies of other persons. . . . he can know all that has been known or can be known, and can govern and employ the guiding intelligences or powers of nature." Those who thus arrive at "Divine Wisdom" are the true adepts.

There are also some misguided beings who, by compact with the lower intelligences, obtain some but not all of these powers, which they are then, apparently, compelled to use for evil. These are spoken of with reprobation and horror as the "Followers of the Left-Hand Path." True adeptship is, of course, attained by few, and those who do not seek it can only arrive at absorption into the Soul of the World by successive incarnations, the discomfort that they experience thereby being in exact proportion to the evil that they commit in the flesh.

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Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding and Protruding yield at once to DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. Druggists or mail; treatise free. Dr. Bosanko, Piqua, O.

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HOME STUDY. Book-kee

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 104,000.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for No. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No. 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $6 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

DECEMBER WEATHER.

Mr. BLAKE, the Kansas weather prophet, favors THE BLADE with his forecast for the coming month, which we publish as a matter of curiosity, and perhaps of interest, to our readers. It is a more positive prediction than the one he gave us for November, and he pins his faith on very cold weather and heavy snowfall. Here it is:

TOPEKA, NOV. 16.—EDITOR TOLEDO BLADE: The weather, during December, 1889, will be very severe in the United States, Canada and the most of Europe. Part of the time it will be pretty stormy, with high winds, while the rest of the month it will be very cold. The precipitation will be in the form of snow in nearly all the Northern states and Canada. It will be pretty heavy in the Gulf and Atlantic states, but in the interior the precipitation will fluctuate, being heavy in some places and small in others, averaging normal. On the Pacific coast the temperature and rainfall will average normal. In Europe it will be cool to very cold, with small precipitation in Russia and large in parts of Western Europe. In the wheat regions of India it will not be as warm as usual, while the rainfall will be greater than the average for the month. The present moderate spell, which I predicted for the middle of this month, will soon terminate and severer weather will begin by November 25. Yours very truly,

C. C. BLAKE.

ONLY TWO DAYS.

We ask every one who reads this issue of THE BLADE to look carefully over our offers to club raisers. It takes only two days to raise a club for this paper, as it commends itself at a glance to every intelligent person. The articles are exactly as represented, as will be seen from the following letters from persons who have raised clubs and obtained the ten-set:

TIDAL, PA., NOV. 12.—EDITOR BLADE:—The ten-set is just received, in good condition, and I am well pleased. I will say it is far superior to anything I expected. As to the time it took me to raise the club, that part of the work by correspondence, and the rest at intervals of spare time, so I can not say exactly how long it took, but two days would cover it all.

IDA CRAIG.

GILEAD, IND., Nov. 11.—EDITOR BLADE:—We received the Blade ten-set, it was all, and more, that your advertisement led us to expect. That we were pleased does not express it. We have never been disappointed in anything that we have sent to THE BLADE for. We have your "Christ in the Temple," "Horse Fair," and now we want "The Angelus."

L. R. DUKES.

WELLSVILLE, O., Nov. 9.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have received the tea set, and I cannot express how pleased I am with them. I will send you another club as soon as I can, and hope that others will do the same. Very truly,

EVA F. PETERSON.

MILL VILLAGE, PA., Nov. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set received in perfect order, not a piece broken. It was given for a wedding present, and is universally admired. The decoration is artistic, the size of the pieces perfectly adapted to practical use, and in my opinion, in every way, excellent value for the money. Very respectfully, MRS. E. R. BOWMAN.

SAVANBURGH, KAN., Nov. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came in perfect condition. I really expected something of merit, because it was from THE BLADE, but found it better and more perfect in design than I had expected. The Horse Fair Set will be a souvenir in the house. Yours very truly. MRS. K. G. CHAVENS.

PARSONS, KAN., Nov. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—Permit me once more to write you, so as to extend my sincere thanks, for those handsome chamber and tea sets have arrived. Everything is just as you represented them to be. Every one who has seen them so far think them both beautiful, and yet I feel that does not do them justice. I am very proud of them indeed, and glad I went to work to procure them. Thanking you again, I am, very respectfully, OLLIE O. CLARK.

The following is from a club-raiser who took the Blade cook stove as a premium:

CENTROPOLIS, KAN., Nov. 11.—EDITOR BLADE:—Stove received in good condition, and am much pleased with it. I can recommend it as a first-class baker. Respectfully,

MARY B. LANDIS.

THE man or set of men who imagine that Gov. FORAKER is politically killed because he was beaten at the recent elections, don't know the character of the governor nor of the men who support him. When the inside history of his defeat comes to be written, as it will be, FORAKER'S frank and manly qualities will stand out in bold relief against the deceitful and treacherous course of some who professed to be his friends, while all the time they were knifing him in the dark, and cause such a revulsion of feeling in his favor that will carry him to any office that he may want in the gift of the people.

TREASURER HUSTON'S report shows that the United States is in a solid financial condition. After giving the figures as to revenues and expenditures and the balances, Mr. HUSTON makes the sensible suggestion that the present system of keeping the account by which he is charged with funds that do not exist, should be changed so that the books would at all times show the true state of the Treasury without real or apparent discrepancies.

AS AN evidence of what the President has to endure in the way of applications for office, a Washington paper says that a candidate for the office of assistant United States attorney—which pays about $2,000 per annum—filed a petition containing sixteen feet of names. He evidently thought that quantity was better than quality in the matter of endorsements.

MACHINE politicians, believing that the Australian ballot has come to stay, are figuring on plans to beat the game.

UNITY IN TEMPERANCE ACTION.

The old adage, whose truth is confirmed by the common sense of every one, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," is one that should be carefully considered by every friend of the temperance cause at the present juncture. There are many who view the drift of the elections of the past year, or at least of those in which the liquor question entered as a factor, as showing a growing hostility to Prohibition. We are not sharers in this view. To us the situation is one of growing discord of methods, not of any decrease of true temperance sentiment. "If an house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand," we are told by the Son of Man himself; and it were well for the temperance people of the land to ponder well the Divine warning, and make a common-sense application thereof to their work in this line.

Moral revolutions never go backward; but they very, very seldom are accomplished in the way or through the methods by which the pioneers seek to bring them about. One stroke never does the work; one straight path is never followed. Prejudices are to be overcome, consciences enlightened, the masses educated, varied forms of opposition overcome, before final triumph can be attained; and when the end is reached, a backward look along the path of the conflict shows that the course which resulted in triumph was not the one which, in the beginning, seemed to promise the most sure and certain results. The temperance reform aims at a moral revolution, and there is no doubt but that it will succeed eventually. The trouble in the past, and which is especially prominent now, is the radical disagreement as to plans.

We have practical unanimity of sentiment as to the absolute evils of drunkenness, both as concerns the drinker and the body politic; as to the maleficent influence of the Rum traffic, and the necessity of the destruction of that influence. But at this point all argument ends. The forces are divided, warring against each other, and the progress of the reform is hampered and impeded. One man thinks that a separate party is the only means by which the work can be successfully done; another, that the total extirpation of drinking is impossible, and that hence restrictive measures, which will diminish the evils as much as possible, is the only workable method; a third believes that if men are taught self-control, and will pledge themselves to abstain, the traffic must eventually die a natural death, from lack of customers; another wishes it made a question of church polity, and that all men who either drink or sell shall be cut off from fellowship—a proper enough policy, but one that makes no provision for the millions who are outside the churches, and who will never come within their control.

The position of THE BLADE is that Prohibition must be the final solution of the question, and that all efforts should be directed primarily to the education of the masses up to the point of endorsing and demanding Prohibition. So long as the majority sentiment of a community is not in its favor, a prohibitory law is a dead letter. That is the experience in every Prohibition state in the Union. While the entire rural portion of Iowa, and nearly all the towns and smaller cities of that state are entirely free from saloons, a few of the largest places, notably those called "river cities," pay no attention to the law, which is openly violated. Why is not the law enforced by the proper officials? Simply because these officials are elected with the understanding that the law shall be ignored. There is no way to have Prohibition officials elected; nor will it do to strike at popular freedom by taking away from the people the right of self-government—the right to select their own local officials.

Nothing is more futile than effort to adopt legislation which is certain to be ignored. It breeds a contempt for law, the substitution of a man's personal feelings instead of a proper obedience. The trouble is not that the suppression of the liquor traffic is tyrannical, nor that the best interests of the whole people are not conserved by it; these are mere subterfuges to cover the greed of the Rum Power, and the weakness and blindness of their customers. The trouble is, these latter need enlightenment. They need a campaign of education, not a campaign of opposition. They need to be shown clearly the evils that result from the Rum traffic, and the undoubted benefits of Prohibition, to both individual and state. Their children need to have these matters inculcated as part of their education. "But this will take so long!" That is true; but moral reforms are of slow growth. It has been nearly nineteen centuries since the gospel of CHRIST began to be preached, yet not one-third of the world owns its sway to-day. Time is an essential factor in any reform which aims to make the world wiser, or happier, or better.

There is a strong feeling among the friends of absolute Prohibition against consenting to anything in the way of regulation or restriction, especially when it takes the form of license. Now, we do not favor license as an end; it has its uses as a means, however. When it proves, as it certainly will, utterly inadequate to meet the admitted evils of the Rum traffic, the tens of thousands who now favor it will be willing to take the next forward step, and that is Prohibition. It is folly to say that "license legalizes the evil;" it does not. The sale of Rum is as legal as the sale of bread or meat or potatoes, except where Prohibition has been enacted. If a refusal to license would prevent the traffic, there would be some sense in antagonizing it; but it does not. What is needed just now is for every friend of Prohibition to join heartily in every effort to restrict, to harass, to burden the Rum traffic. He should not abate one iota of his efforts in favor of Prohibition, but he should cease opposing all other methods. "Half a loaf is better than no bread;" and when the half-loaf is obtainable, and the full one is not, let us accept it, and go forward with renewed zeal in our labor to bring about Prohibition and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX'S new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

ACCORDING to the Charleston *News and Courier* South Carolina don't propose to be interfered with, even if Congress should pass a bill providing for an honest ballot and a fair count. In that event, every negro will be driven out of the state. He is to be told to go, and to be aided if he will go willingly; but if he refuses it will be made so hot for him that he will have to go. Let's see. South Carolina's representation in Congress is based on her population, and if the negroes, which form the largest proportion, leave, it isn't likely that a sufficient number of whites will emigrate there to fill their places. Then the state won't have as many representatives as now, will she? This is merely a suggestion.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX'S new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

The last monarchical government on the American continent has suddenly been swept away by the revolution in Brazil, and that vast empire is now a republic, like every other independent government on this side of the Atlantic. This event was a genuine surprise. While it was well known that there was a growing party in Brazil favoring a republic, it was believed that the great popularity of the emperor, Dom PEDRO III, and the very liberal character of his government, would prevent any attempt at change till his death. Very few, however, anticipated that his daughter ISABEL, (wife of the Count D'EU), the heir to the throne, would be permitted to succeed him.

While the details of the movement leading to this sudden overthrow of the empire are as yet but scanty, it is probable that it is the direct result of the general elections of last September. The government received a heavy majority, but it was the result of manipulation, and not the free expression of the will of the people. The probability seems to be that the ministry rather overdid the thing in its care to secure a majority, and angered the republican leaders, who have now accomplished by force what they would practically have obtained at the ballot-box had the will of the people been allowed to be freely expressed.

At this election the struggle was one against the dynasty, rather than against the imperial political policy, as will be seen by the programme of the government, put forth as the platform in the campaign preceding the votes. The legislation proposed by the government included universal suffrage instead of the qualification of an annual income of $200, which is at present required; free education, the autonomy of the provinces and municipalities, absolute freedom of creed and conscience, reorganization of the Senate on a more liberal basis, abolition of all customs dues on exports, increase of railroads and other methods of communication throughout the empire, and the creation of land banks and credit establishments destined to furnish financial assistance and relief to the farmer, the manufacturer, and the trading classes.

Certainly a more liberal programme could not have been laid down; but the republican opposition was not against these reforms, but against the Crown Princess ISABEL, her husband and their children. The republican strength was among the land-owners and farmers, the parish priests, and the commercial classes—the very men who make a nation what it is. The bitter opposition of the agriculturists and land-owners to the Princess ISABEL is due to her course while acting as regent, during the absence of Dom PEDRO in Europe. She brought about the sudden emancipation of slaves on May 13, 1888, without allowing time to this important class to arrange for the new order of things, and to prepare for free labor, thus involving heavy losses. That year was one of abundant crops, but they literally rotted in the fields because the owners were unprepared with the ready money to hire labor, and the emancipated slaves would not work more than enough to earn sufficient to hold body and soul together. The government, too, resolutely refused to consider any plan to indemnify the slaveholders for the loss of their human chattels.

The flag of the United States of Brazil to-day floats everywhere in the heretofore empire except in Bahia, where there is some opposition to the new order. The Brazilian "stars and stripes"—for such it is—is composed of green and gold stripes, with a blue field, on which are emblazoned nineteen stars. Not a life was lost in the revolution. Dom PEDRO has started for his exile in Lisbon, and business in Rio, which was only interrupted for twenty-four hours, has again assumed its normal proportions. Dom PEDRO, who is still loved by his people, will not have any difficulty in securing the necessaries and pleasure of life in Lisbon, as the new government has given him $2,500,000 in cash and bestowed upon him an annual pension of $450,000.

GROVER CLEVELAND and the other free trade Democrats insist that the results in the recent elections was mainly due to the growth of tariff reform sentiment. It has been conclusively shown that the tariff question did not weigh, to any appreciable extent, either in Ohio or Iowa, but that Republican disaster in those states was attributable entirely to local causes.

In fact, the strongest free trade movement was made in Pennsylvania, and was engineered by the Hon. WILLIAM L. SCOTT. He caused all the Democratic clubs in the Keystone state to indorse the Cleveland policy and when they met in convention it will be remembered that these clubs cheered GROVER CLEVELAND'S name and hissed SAMUEL J. RANDALL, who has been the real brains of the Democratic party for the last fifteen years. With all Mr. SCOTT'S labor and money and his urging of the tariff reform, the Democrats failed to uprise in any considerable numbers last Tuesday, but Pennsylvania gave an increased Republican majority. Mr. SCOTT and tariff reform don't seem to have much influence in that state.

IT is estimated that the French exposition attracted $250,000,000 to Paris. Of this sum $100,000,000 came from the 5,000,000 French people who went from the provinces, and $150,000,000 from the 1,500,000 foreigners who visited the big show. The list of the latter includes 380,000 English, 226,000 Belgiums, 160,000 Germans, and 120,000 Americans. If the attendance on the Columbus centennial anywhere nearly reaches these figures, some city will largely profit by the undertaking.

A BULL IN A CHINA-SHOP.

The Ohio Senatorial seat is to be auctioned off again. Everybody familiar with the Democratic party of this state has believed that such will be the case, and now comes ALLEN O. MYERS with a direct admission of the fact. In a public speech at a Democratic jubilation at Cincinnati, on Wednesday evening, MYERS said:

But let me implore you not to vote for a millionaire for United States Senator. Don't do it. Don't vote for Cal Brice or John R. McLean or Thomas. The moment you send a millionaire to the United States senate from Ohio, just that moment you beat the Democratic party for ten years to come. The Senatorship is for sale. It is for sale, but there is something that is not for sale, and that is public sentiment. Don't sell the senatorship this time. Don't let any man buy it. I want to say that if you send a millionaire to the United States senate, I will take the stump against the Democratic party and try to defeat it, and I am as good a Democrat as ever lived.

This utterance, of course, made a first-class sensation. Nobody could doubt that MYERS spoke with knowledge in saying that the Senatorship is for sale; but every auditor was instantly agog to find out why he, for years the right-hand man of JOHN R. MCLEAN on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and one of the inside managers of CAMPBELL'S campaign, should publicly denounce his employer and the other two millionaire aspirants for PAYNE'S seat—BRICE and THOMAS.

The secret was soon out, however. Either MYERS discharged himself, or was discharged, from the *Enquirer* staff, and he began talking frankly to the newspapers. He says that on the 9th MCLEAN and BRICE met in New York, and agreed that the latter is to succeed PAYNE, in return for which the effort is to be made to have MCLEAN succeed SHERMAN two years hence. For reasons not yet clear, this was displeasing to MYERS, and he proceeded at once to imitate the traditional bull in a china-shop, by putting himself energetically in opposition, and giving the whole snap away.

Whether disappointed ambition, or too little boodle, or some as yet unknown cause actuated the acrobatic ALLEN to turn this tremendous somersault, there is no doubt that he has done the people of Ohio a magnificent service in exposing the inmost secrets of the Democratic managers. Thus is clearly shown the fact insisted on by THE BLADE throughout the campaign—that the Ohio Democracy, under its present leadership, is unfit to be trusted with power. It is rare that a piece of political folly, such as the voters of this state were guilty of at the late election, is so speedily demonstrated. The petty jealousies, the lack of interest shown, especially by the Republicans, lost the legislature and gave opportunity for the repetition of the shameful auction of the senatorship of six years ago. Let us hope that MYERS'S performance will have the effect of rousing public sentiment to such a pitch that the Democratic members-elect will not dare allow themselves to be bribed by any one of the triad of plutocrats named by him.

TO ALL GOOD TEMPLARS.

Your Order is devoted to the battle against the Rum Power, and is one of the great agencies through which the redemption of the land from its tyranny must come. Every one of you no doubt realizes that the watchword of progress in the temperance cause is Education! We must educate, *educate*, EDUCATE the people into a right understanding of the temperance problem; to realize that Rum is a poison; to recognize the traffic therein as the giant evil of our age and generation.

We ask you to read elsewhere our announcement of "Teetotaller Dick," our new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE by Col. KNOX. Having done so, we know that you will be glad to aid us in extending the circulation of this story among the people. We ask the proper officer of every lodge of Good Templars to send us a list of the members thereof, and every member to send us a list of his neighbors and friends whom he thinks would like to read this story. We will gladly mail a copy of THE BLADE of December 5, containing its opening chapters, to every person whose name and address are furnished us. Please do it *at once*, so that we may have the wrappers addressed beforehand.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S splendid story, "The Demagogue," now running; with Prof. EBERS'S Biblical story of "Joshua," just begun; and with Mr. KNOX'S "Teetotaller Dick" in anticipation, not one subscriber whose time expires this fall should fail to renew. At the low price of only a dollar for so good a paper as THE BLADE, it is a sin to let it stop. On the contrary every one should not only renew his subscription, but should send one or more new subscribers at the same time.

WE have begun to export pig iron to England, and the most pig-headed free trader will have to admit that this has been rendered possible only by the protection that has been given our iron industries. A cargo of pig iron was taken in a British vessel consigned to Birmingham manufacturers, and a New York firm has an order of 1,000 tons of pig iron to be delivered in Liverpool. This state of things is a decided change from that in 1880, when we imported $14,654,227 worth of pig iron. But there has been a steady decrease in our amount of imports of that article, for last year we brought in only $5,042,886 worth. Now the iron industry has developed so under the fostering care of a protective tariff that the United States can supply the great home demand for iron and steel and also send some to England, who would not buy it if it were not profitable for her to do so.

WITHOUT determining whether there is a question of veracity between Senator HAMPTON and the postmaster general, we think that the senator from South Carolina is arrogating to himself too great a sense of proprietorship when he speaks of the Columbia postoffice as "my postoffice." The citizens of the place own it, if any one does, for it is for their use and convenience. As for the right to select the postmaster, that belongs not to the senator but to the President.

IT is a fact well known to the student of history, but apparently ignored by the free trade fanatics, that England gained her commercial supremacy while she was under a tariff policy so protective that she did not allow Ireland nor the American colonies to have any manufactures at all. It would do our free trade friends good to read the Declaration of Independence occasionally.

THE weekly trade reports show that business is healthy and confident in tone and unprecedented in volume. Money is easy, and the outlook for the future is very bright. The only danger seems to be that the heavy demands of buyers may stimulate excessive production in some lines, and a revival of unhealthy speculation.

RECENTLY published marriage statistics in Massachusetts show that the greatest number of weddings take place in the month of November. There must be something in the commencement of cold weather that tempts both sexes to union rather than to struggle through the winter alone.

THE decision of the New York Supreme court in the Tilden will case goes to prove that even the most astute lawyer may be at fault in drawing a will. It looks now as if the great library which was to stand as an imperishable monument to the memory of the Sage of Graystone will fail of accomplishment.

MR. MILLS LOOSE AGAIN.

Mr. ROGER Q. MILLS says that the recent elections prove that the next Presidential contest will be fought on the lines laid down last year. He also asserts that the Democrats will carry the congress to be elected next year. Mr. MILLS is like the parrot; he talks too much. A short time ago he had himself interviewed to show what the policy of the Democratic minority would be in congress the coming winter. Many of his party associates who had more discretion and brains than he possesses, at once came to the front to say that Mr. MILLS had no right to speak for them or to outline a policy for the Democratic minority. His present utterances are about as unwise as were his remarks about what the Democrats would permit the Republican majority to do.

It has been shown over and over again that in Ohio and Iowa, the two states in which the Democrats were successful at the recent elections, local causes were alone responsible for Republican defeat. Next year, when Congressmen are to be voted for, the Republicans in these two states will have healed their differences, and the usual Republican majorities will be the result. It may be that in Ohio a gerrymandering of the state will lose it some Republican Congressmen, but that will be attended to the following year when the Republicans again get control of the state. Even such a change would not be enough to give the Democrats a majority in the house, for the new states will send Republican representatives, and it is not unlikely that Idaho and Wyoming may be admitted to statehood before next year's elections.

As for the next Presidential contest, the Republican party will welcome another battle between protection and free trade. Such inequalities as there are in the present tariff will be rectified by a Republican congress this winter, not on the lines which were laid down by Mr. MILLS in his bill in the last congress, discriminating against the North in favor of the South, but looking with a view to the protection of American industry and American labor in every section of the country. When this is done, the party will be in splendid shape for another battle with Democratic free trade, and it will win.

The trouble with Mr. MILLS is that he don't yet realize that the Democratic party was defeated, and that the present Congress is Republican. He was so captivated with the role of leadership that he was allowed to assume in the last Congress that he cannot bring himself down to understand that he is now only a plain, every-day, ordinary rural member. His influence in the Fifty-first Congress will be very small. His party associates don't like him, and attribute the party's defeat last fall to his tariff reform bill. It is not likely they will pay much heed to his advice. The Republican leaders will brush him aside as merely a troublesome fly.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The articles we offer in connection with the Weekly BLADE are each and every one good for holiday presents. They are all useful, and in price come within the reach of all.

And a year's subscription to the Weekly BLADE itself is as appropriate a present as one person can give to another. It is not costly, but it is very valuable; it is a Christmas or New Year's gift that would be appreciated by a recipient of either sex, young or old. And of the other articles referred to,

THE BLADE TEA SET is as suitable a gift as you can make to a housekeeper—a husband to a wife, children to a mother, a brother to a sister, or any one to a lady friend. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and it is not only beautiful, but useful. It has already been described fully in THE BLADE.

THE CHAMBER SET comes next, and it is in all respects worthy of the same commendations as the tea set, given above. Read the description given in recent issues of this paper, on page 5, and see for yourself.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE makes a most excellent present—one of the most acceptable you can give a housekeeper. It a husband desires to gladden his wife's heart, this is the gift to make. Read the description of it in this or last week's BLADE.

THE TRENTON WATCH is a very timely gift for your boy at the holidays. It is an excellent time-keeper, is durable, cheap, and nothing will please him better.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY" and "SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," those two very valuable books by Miss BOUTON, are extremely appropriate gifts for girls. Parents can present nothing that will be more highly appreciated to their daughters, brothers to their sisters (or to somebody else's sister), than either or both these volumes. See "Good Books," on fifth page.

"NASBY IN EXILE" is just the thing for the young people to present to father, and it makes a splendid gift for any one. This beautiful volume formerly cost $3.50, but it is now sold at the very low price of $1.25. We have only enumerated those three books here that we think specially adapted for holiday presents, though we have others that will suit many persons. See "Good Books," on fifth page.

OUR PICTURES.—Lastly, our five 25-cent engravings are just the thing for presents—Millet's "Angelus," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," and Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." They all are elegant engravings for framing, and make appropriate holiday gifts for any one.

Be quick, however. If you contemplate ordering the tea set, or a stove, send in your order early—at least two weeks before Christmas—because we have to send the order to the manufacturers, which takes time; besides, they are shipped by freight, which goes much more slowly than by express. Watches, books and pictures, however, are sent direct from this office, and always by return mail, hence there is not so much need of haste. The same remark applies to subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE. However, order early, for the mails are burdened just before Christmas with packages, and delays often occur.

THE declaration of the W. C. T. U. convention at Chicago in favor of the third party instead of non-partisan effort is a matter of regret to all real friends of temperance reform. GOLDSMITH'S couplet describes the members responsible for this action:

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

THE new deputy commissioner of Pensions, Col. CHARLES P. LINCOLN, is admirably adapted for the duties of the office. He is a veteran with an excellent record, an active Grand Army man and a sound lawyer. The pension claimants, whose cases are meritorious, will find a friend in Col. LINCOLN.

THE W. C. T. U. convention pronounced in favor of the third party. Now let the latter in return insert an anti-corset plank in its platform. It will be remembered that one speaker at Chicago publicly censured another "because she wore corsets," and that the convention applauded wildly.

THE Iowa Republicans owe it to their party to stand together and re-elect Senator ALLISON. It would be bad politics to replace him at this juncture, and divide the party into Allison and anti-Allison factions, thus creating trouble in future state contests.

THE sugar trust has been cut short by a judicial decision, the cottonseed oil trust is on its last legs, and the lead trust is shaky. The people will shed no tears, however, over this state of things.

GEN. HARRISON'S APPOINTMENTS.

The mugwump papers have been very active in alleging that the result of the the elections in Ohio and Iowa was a rebuke to Gen. HARRISON'S administration, and they urge that the President has erred in turning out Democratic office-holders and replacing them with men who are Republicans. They assert that the new appointees have in many cases been of a lower grade of intellect and character than the officials removed. They always draw a comparison between Mr. CLEVELAND'S methods of appointment and those pursued by Gen. HARRISON, asserting that praise is due the former and that blame attaches to the latter.

We expect this sort of think to go on during Gen. HARRISON'S entire administration. The mugwumps and the little mutual admiration coterie of ultra-civil service reformers, of which Mr. GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS is the head, are determined to find fault with everything a Republican President may do. They lauded Mr. CLEVELAND, although many of his appointees were men of notoriously bad character; but they did not make Mr. CLEVELAND responsible for the selection of these men. Oh, no; they charged it upon the Democratic party, not upon CLEVELAND, who was the representative of that party.

As a matter of fact, any one who has any knowledge of affairs in Washington knows that there never has been a more rigid scrutiny of the qualifications of applicants for office than has been observed by Gen. HARRISON in the matter of Presidential appointments. He has carefully inquired into the public and business record, the personal character and habits and the present relations and associations of men, no matter how strong were their recommendations, and has sought to satisfy himself before making an appointment that the man had a clear record and a good reputation. Of course some mistakes have been made, but they are few, and the large majority of President HARRISON'S appointees have been men of flawless personal character. They are not like HIGGINS, RAISIN, THOMAS, and other disreputable persons whom Mr. CLEVELAND appointed, and whose selection was condemned by the most influential Democratic newspapers. Five months only after Mr. CLEVELAND'S inauguration the New York *World* printed the following list of specimen appointments made by him, with comments as follows:

Higgins, ballot-box stuffer and professional gambler.

The postmaster at Sioux City, Iowa, convicted for violation of the pension laws. A non-partisan was removed to make room for him.

Holmes, a postmaster in Mississippi, was involved in election fraud scandals.

Shannon, postmaster at Meridian, Miss., indicted for "unlawfully and criminally" conspiring with others for the evasion of the Civil Rights law.

A postmaster has been appointed in Rhode Island who has been arrested nine times in three months for violating the liquor law.

In Indiana one of the latest appointees in the mail service has been conspicuous in a notorious scandal where certain state officials were bribed.

In Pennsylvania a clerk has been appointed in the Philadelphia mint who has confessed to writing a forged letter from Neal Dow, to be used in influencing the German vote in the state of Ohio last year.

In Maine a man was appointed postmaste who was then in jail for defrauding the government.

Comptroller Durham secured the appointment of one Board, of Kentucky, to the railway postal service who has been three times arrested for issuing counterfeit false pretenses. Being assigned to duty in New Mexico, he immediately stole $163 from the money order service.

Jerry Mulroy, who has served two terms in the penitentiary, was appointed custodian of the new public building in Cincinnati, at a salary of $2,000. He controls the appointment of a large number of subordinates.

Thomas, of Baltimore, accused of being involved in election frauds, made Indian inspector.

A man has been made janitor of the Money Order department of the Cincinnati postoffice, who has served seven years in the penitentiary for stealing a watch.

No such list of rascals and criminals can be made out of Gen. HARRISON'S appointees, and it would seem that his course in selecting men for office has been in sharp contrast with that of his predecessor. After reading the above list, it would seem to be worse than folly to applaud Mr. CLEVELAND as a genuine reformer, and even the most carping critic must admit that, under Gen. HARRISON, there has been a very great improvement in the personnel of the civil service.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE; and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

IT is generally believed that President HARRISON, in his message to Congress, will touch at some length upon the subject of tariff revision. While nothing definite can be learned as to the scope of his recommendations, it is reported that he will advise the passage of the Senate substitute for the Mills bill in the last Congress, modified so as to make further reductions in internal revenue taxes. The tariff question is one to which Gen. HARRISON devoted a good deal of study when he was in the Senate, and therefore, any recommendation that he may make will have weight with Congress. Without speculating upon the suggestions he will offer, it is safe to say that a tariff bill will be passed at the coming session of Congress in which the present inequalities of duties will be intelligently adjusted, and such reductions will be made as a proper regard for the protection of our own industries will justify.

IT is encouraging to learn that the trustees of Cornell university are about to change the method of instruction in political economy in that institution. The majority of these trustees are protectionists, and they have wisely come to the conclusion that the old "classical school" does not reach far enough to become adaptable to our American system. They evidently believe that political economy is a progressive science and that its evolution did not cease to work with the death of the last writer of the "classical school." Let the student be taught that the theory of protection to home industries has a scientific basis, as well as the doctrine of free trade, and that there is an American as well as an English school of economy.

THE Democrats are never happy. They now complain that the President's proclamation admitting Montana as a state removes the contests for seats in the legislature from federal jurisdiction, by which these contests should be settled. The federal officials of the late territory, it may be remarked, were Democrats.

THE loss of property and life from the Colorado blizzard has been very great. It is believed that one hundred persons have perished. And yet the climate of Colorado is recommended for consumptives.

DR. RAWSON, who officiated at the birth of CALEB MASON, the principal character in Nasby's story of "The Demagogue," is seriously ill at his home in Findlay, at the age of 90 years.

LET the Iowa Democrats jubilate, after the manner of a hen with one chicken, over the election of BOIES. It will be a long time before they have another chance.

OUR STORY READY.

A Full Announcement, for the Information of All.

Read It, and See if You Can Afford to Miss It.

Very truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

AS announced in previous issues of THE BLADE, we shall begin, in the issue for December 5, a new serial story, which has been written expressly for us, entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

We are glad to say that the last page has been written, and the story is now in our hands; hence there will be no delay, and it will be begun promptly on the date announced.

"Teetotaller Dick" is the life-history of a boy, born amid the bleak hills of New England. He comes to New York city, and the temptations of a young man in the busy whirl of the great metropolis are sketched with a master hand. This portion of the narrative contains many instructive facts, concerning the drink question, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter to us from Col. KNOX:

In addition to the effect of alcoholic beverages from medical, moral, physical and social points of view, I have, in the story, touched upon the view which is taken of drinking by the life insurance companies. I obtained this directly from a medical examiner for one of the largest companies, and also from the experience of a personal friend of mine, who tried to get his life insured, but was rejected in consequence of his drinking habits.

The physical and moral effects of beer come in for full investigation, and I think I have thoroughly shown the fallacy of the belief that malt liquors are strengthening and nutritious. The small amount of nutriment that is to be found in beer will astonish many of your readers; it certainly astonished me when I went to the bottom of my investigations.

It is probable, also, that many of your readers will be astonished at the annual amount of the nation's drink-bill, as it is set forth in the story from unimpeachable authorities. I have touched upon the present phases of the temperance question, and given the arguments of the strict Prohibitionists on the one hand, and the High License advocates on the other.

The various kinds of society, which she will take back with her to England.

The bronze doors of the cathedral of Cologne are nearly ready. They represent the four ages of man, the four seasons, and the wise and foolish virgins, with angels tely designed ornaments, consisting of coats of arms and symbolical plants and plants.

The shah has ordered a globe which is probably unique in its way. The various countries of the globe are represented by precious stones. France by sapphires, Russia by diamonds, England by rubies, while emeralds will figure as the various oceans and seas.

Michigan lee keepers have experienced a hard winter than an ordinary one during the hot, dry summer. At one time the bees were doing so little that it was seriously contemplated to cross them with lighting bugs, and thus breed bees that could work at night.

President Woodruff, who is at the head of the Mormon church, is 82 years old. He has a comparatively-built figure, and his head looks like the late Gen. Grants. He wears his hair and beard close cropped, and there is not a trace of sanctimoniousness in his manner.

Charles Delmonico, whose name wasn't Delmonico till it was changed from Charles Crist, is wealthy for this country, the value of his name by a Paris exterior, who captured American custom with it during the Exposition. Judging from comments made by Americans returning from Paris,

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXIV.

THE CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.

WRITTEN JUST AFTER THE WAR, BY JOHN M'INTOSH.

"Why, Billy, your room is as cold as the hut
We had by the swamp and river,
Where we lost our major, and Tim, you know,
And sixty more with the fever."
"Well, Tom, old fellow, its hard enough,
But the best at times knock under;
There's ne'er a stick of wood in the house
But that crutch in the corner yonder!

"Sorry I listed? Don't ask me that, Tom;
If the flag was again in danger,
I'd aim a gun with an aching stump
At the foe, were he brother or stranger.
But, I say, ought a wound from a shot or shell,
Or a pistol bullet, by thunder!
Forever to doom a fellow to want,
With that crutch in the corner yonder?

"That crutch, old comrade, ought over to be
A draft at sight on the Nation
For honor, respect, and a friendly hand;
For clothing, and quarters, and ration!
My wife—she boards at the Nugget House,
Where the bigbugs live in splendor,
And brag, o'er their wine, of the fights that brought
Such as that in the corner yonder!

"And Charlie—he goes to some place up town,
Some ticket-for-soup arrangement;
All well enough for a hungry boy,
But, Tom, its effect is estrangement!
I'd sooner have kicked the bucket o'er,
By a shell or a round ten-pounder,
Than live such a life as I'm doing now,
With that crutch in the corner yonder.

"There's ne'er a thing left to pawn or to sell,
And the winter has closed on labor;
This medal is all that is left me now,
With my pistols and trusty sabre;
And those, by the sunlight above us, Tom,
No power from my trust shall sunder,
Save the One that releases me at last
From that crutch in the corner yonder.

"I can raise this arm that is left to me
To the blessed heaven above us,
And swear by the throne of the Father there,
And the angels all, who love us,
That the hand I lost and the hand I have
Were never yet stained by plunder,
And, for love of the dear old flag, I now
Use that crutch in the corner yonder.

"Do I ask too much when I say we boys,
Who f ught for the Nation's glory,
Now that the danger is past and gone,
In comfort should tell our story?
How should we have fought when the mad shells screamed
And shivered our ranks, I wonder,
Had we known our lot would have been to beg,
With that crutch in the corner yonder?

"There's little we hear of now-a-days
But pardon and reconstruction,
While the soldier who fought and bled for both
Is left to his own destruction.
"Twould be well, I think, in these nipping times,
For those Congress fellows to ponder,
And think of us boys who use such things
As that crutch in the corner yonder."

"UNKNOWN GRAVES."

BY O. A. BENNETT.

On the sloping hillside, in the leafy dell,
No longer worn and footsore, sleeping where they fell,
From Shenandoah's valley and Missouri's turbid waves
The march of every army may be traced by unknown graves.

Many silent hearthstones o'er this glorious land
Miss the happy voices of the household band.
Young lives full of promise, proud hearts true and brave,
Gone from home and country to fill an unknown grave.

Unknown to fame and story, but oh! in lonely homes,
The agonizing waiting for a step that never comes,
Has wreathed fair heads with silver, and aged the sweet young brow,
Or laid the lovely watcher where daisies love to grow.

No towering shaft of marble in eloquence of woe,
Proclaims that 'neath its shadow great men are lying low,
No stately heads in honor bend o'er those slumbering brawny,
But wild birds sweetly warble above their unknown graves.

For Decoration Day:
With hearts of tender feeling your loving tribute bring,
The sweetes, purest offering of ever joyous spring,
And while on deeds of valor our nation thinks to-day,
Oh! strew those graves with flowers for loved ones far away.

Chorus after last verse:
Gone, alas! gone to the unknown shore,
Gone from earth forever more.
Proud hearts, true and brave,
Fill an unknown grave!

DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftian,
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle
And was first to fall.

CHORUS:—Strike, freemen, for the Union,
Sheathe your swords no more,
While remains in arms a traitor
On Columbia's shore.

Entering the traitor city
With soldiers true,
Leading up the zouave columns,
Fixed became his view.
See that rebel flag is floating
O'er you building tall,
Spoke he, while his dark eyes glistened,
"Boys, that flag must fall."

Quickly from its proud position
That base flag was torn,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freemen,
Circling Ellsworth's form.
See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitors' door;
Hear him groan! Oh, God! they've shot him,
Ellsworth is no more.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hasten we as thy avengers,
From thy ranks to state.
Speed we on from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we love the Union
And our Ellsworth's name.

Traitors' hands shall ne'er surrender
That for which you died;
Hear the oath our lips now utter,
Thou our nation's pride.
By our hopes of you bright heaven,
By the land we love,
By the God who reigns above us,
We'll avenge thy blood.

A "DEMAGOGUE" CHARACTER.

Dr. Rawson Mentioned in D. R. Locke's Story Very Ill.

Dr. Bass Rawson, one of the oldest men, and oldest physician in Ohio, being now in his 93d year, is lying critically ill at his residence on south Main street in Findlay, O., which thriving town is the "Pulaski" of "The Demagogue," and but little hope is entertained that he will recover. He suffered a paralytic stroke early last week which has effected his entire left side. Dr. Rawson is one of the pioneers of Ohio, and began the practice of medicine in the village of Findlay in 1836, and has been a resident ever since. He is mentioned by name in Mr. Locke's novel of the "Demagogue," now running in the Toledo BLADE, and was a personal friend of the author. The beautiful fountain in front of the new Hancock county Court-house is a gift of Dr. Rawson to the people of the county, by whom he is universally loved and respected.

Sir Morell Mackenzie,

the physician to the late Emperor of Germany, has written expressly for the *Youth's Companion* a most valuable article on "The Care of the Voice in Youth." A similar article on "The Care of the Eyes in Youth," has been prepared by the famous oculist, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa.

Its Value Increased.

Wife—Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John, and I'm afraid she never will as long as we have that parrot. She detests parrots.

Husband—Does she?

Wife—Yes, and you know you have a standing offer of $50 for that bird.

Husband—My dear, I wouldn't sell that parrot for $150.—[Epoch.

What His Crime Was.

First Texan—We had a lynchin' here, yesterday.

Second Texan—Hoss thief?

First Texan—Naw. 'Twas a N'York dood who couldn't say nothin' but "Just fawncy!"—[Munsey's Weekly.

She's All the World to Him.

This wonderful Picture in Oil Colors will be sent FREE to any one sending their address along with 10 cents to pay postage on the package. It is handsome enough to adorn any parlor in the world. We have only a limited supply. When gone this picture may sell for $5.00.

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Had a Right to Feel That Way.

First Mattress—How do you feel?

Second Mattress—Full as a tick.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE'S SERMON AT BRINDISI.

His Subject "A Voyage on the Mediterranean," and He Shows God's Protecting Care, Even in the Midst of the Greatest Apparent Peril.

BRINDISI, Nov. 17.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached in this Italian port to-day. His subject was "A Mediterranean Voyage," and he took for his text Acts xxvii, 44: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages—the Roman Appian Way—and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and, after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers—one Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." The convict had gained the confidence of the captain; indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yard-arms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoxal storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marline-spike from a luff-tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, snook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt-water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands aboy, and out with the anchors!

A Great Sea Storm.

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In the lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle, as he walks the deck, or holds fast on the rigging amid the lurching of the ship, the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little while, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and ring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Some Wholesome Lessons.

I learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah! me, human nature is the same in all ages. They who got us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb, but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some newcomer. They who took Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us." Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit and in the office of a Christian teacher know there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, oh, young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. We may not know much, but we know that.

The Safety of Christians.

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped to land. But so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the Eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

You have, my friends, had illustrations in your own life of how God delivers his people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in a ship on the Mediterranean you call a eurocydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece, of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Englishmen, Irishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged, and, committing ourselves to him who holdeth the winds in his fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of 3,000 miles. It was rough nearly all the way, the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night at 11 o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches.

Perils Not to be Made Light of.

I thought I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two: one was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on by both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: 'Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?' And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted in a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant, we knew the vessel would fall of into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After awhile some one said: "The screw is stopped." No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery, going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall; it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed

The Agony of Expected Shipwreck.

It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage; and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving away. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some cursing, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck, and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They would not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh, how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers, and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O Blessed Mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "Oh God! what shall I do? what shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! All hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—and the engineers, swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! It God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jibboom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging; there were ropes of fire, and there were masts of fire, and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Prayers From All.

Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say: "Here, Lord, take me as I am; I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this fearful shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the portholes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff, and when he put his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, hush! They knew his voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on the coralls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, of all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction;

The Lips of Heaven and Earth Met.

At I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky that seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out into the sky, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to fire-cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up, until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden fest of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we came into the harbor. That cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us! And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass, that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbath's on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.

The Origin and Scope of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

It will no doubt be of interest to the many readers of THE BLADE to state something of the history, aims and methods of the Chautauqua movement, a movement that has brought incalculable good to our people, and inspired thousands with ambition for higher moral and intellectual improvement.

In the year 1878, Dr. J. H. Vincent delivered a lecture to a large audience in Chautauqua, N. Y., in which he unfolded a scheme for the popular education of men and women who had passed their school days, or who had never enjoyed the privileges of schools and colleges. The scheme proposed

A FOUR YEARS' COURSE

of reading, embracing history, literature, science, etc., and he set forth the idea with such conviction and strength that he carried his hearers over to his scheme almost to a man, and within an hour, won seven hundred members for the proposed circle. On August 11, 1888, was celebrated at Chautauqua the tenth anniversary of the founding of this movement, and the review and contemplation of the results of the years' work were fairly bewildering, even to those who were familiar with its details. It showed that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle had proved itself to be indeed "a thought of God fallen among men."

Up to the present time seven classes have graduated. There are over sixty thousand members in the classes in this country alone, and at least two hundred thousand persons are connected with the C. L. S. C. in graduate and undergraduate classes.

The sweep of the C. L. S. C. has been almost as broad as the world. Almost every county in the United States has its members, and many country cross-roads can boast of their local circles. Great Britain has hundreds of readers, and there are readers in France, Germany, Sweden, Bulgaria and Russia. Japan has three thousand readers, South Africa a hundred or so, and there are members in Brazil, Chili, Mexico, the Bermudas, and in the Hawaiian Islands.

The members of this organization embrace all classes of people.

Thousands of them are college graduates. Lawyers, doctors, teachers, ministers and business men, and their wives, daughters and sisters join the circle. But the great aim of the C. L. S. C. is to reach the poor, the uneducated, the neglected, the sick and the old, and right well has the design been carried out. The blessings have reached hard-working factory hands, miners and persons remote from railroads and postoffices, and even in reformatories and penitentiaries there are members. Hundreds of invalids have had their dreary hours of confinement blessed and cheered by these readings. Old age is also represented here, for many white-haired men and women in their latter days are keeping up their persistent search for knowledge, and turning their old age into youth again.

The object sought by this organization, expressed in one word, is culture, or perhaps self-culture; amplified, it aims "to promote habits of reading and study, in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life; to secure for those whose educational advantages have been limited, the college student's general outlook upon the world and life; and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking."

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books, which shall be indicated; by local circles, for mutual help and encouragement in such studies, and by written reports and examinations. The course embraces simple, entertaining and instructive reading in ancient and modern history and literature, in physical, mental and moral science, and in all matters that pertain to a true life—physical, intellectual, domestic, social, political and religious. It is unsectarian and unsectional, promoting good fellowship and fraternity, inspiring help to the home, the church, and the state.

It seeks to enroll merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy housekeepers, farmer boys and shop girls, as students in the great university of self culture, in the archives of which such names are found as William Shakespeare, Washington Irving, Abraham Lincoln, Hugh Miller, Michael Faraday, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, W. D. Howells and many other distinguished men who, although they never enjoyed college opportunities, turned the spare minutes of every day life into a college of their own.

The course of reading for 1889-90 comprises Roman history, Latin literature, political economy, art, philosophy, physics, physical geography, uses of mathematics, and religious literature. This reading is systematically laid out week by week in a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the C. L. S. C., and which, considering its wide range of solid and instructive articles, is entitled to rank with the best magazines of the time. It will thus be seen that the C. L. S. C. is passing through a broad base of study, such as aims to insure a true and efficient culture.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A Word to the Unwise.

If to drinking inclined,
And of so weak a mind
That your good resolves flop right through,
Do not tempt fate, but stop,
Lest the treacherous "drop"
May at last get the drop on you.

And Always Will Be.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Republican party was not in the recent campaign, dependent upon the saloon element for success. It has not for years been supported by the majority of that class of voters. Fully 95 per cent of the saloonkeepers are and have long been Democrats.

Dr. A. H. Stevens, of Philadelphia, has made quite an important discovery; he has found where the soul is located in the human anatomy. It is "in the corpus callosum, a little spongy body situated at the base of the brain and has defied the efforts of the physicians to ascertain its uses." We trust Dr. Stevens will follow up his great discovery by cracking a *corpus callosum* for us and having the soul photographed.

A Nickel Dropped.

Terre Haute Life.

When I as a boy a nickel got,
Whether given or lent,
You may rest assured I rested not
Till it was spent.

And now, and then, a "nick" gets hot
Within my pocket,
Until I find some handy slot
In which to drop it.

The Brewers Mistaken.

Akron Beacon.

The brewers of Cincinnati are claiming that they control and practically own the Germans of the State. It is a slander upon a respectable and law-abiding class of our citizens. They are owned by no set of men and usually act of their own free will.

Skip the Whale.

Buffalo Advertiser.

A St. Paul clergyman took a bold stand in favor of rational biblical criticism the other day. He drew the line at the story of Jonah and the whale. "Skip the whale and believe all the rest."

The Policy of Obstruction.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The coming congress gives promise of being one of the liveliest for many years. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, openly boasts that the minority of the Fifty-first Congress will not permit the Republicans to pass a single measure that the Democrats think should not be passed. That simply means that there will be organized filibustering to defeat the majority. Under the present rules of the House large opportunities are given to a few to defeat needed legislation.

The Kicker's Proper Sphere.

The kicker every place doth yield,
With life he is misguided.
'Tis only on the foot-ball field
The kicker's tolerated.

Plans for Two Years Hence.

Cleveland Leader.

Should the Democrats carry out their threats, and so gerrymander Maj. McKinley's district as to render it impossible for him to secure a re-election to Congress, the Republicans would nominate him for governor in 1891, and he would go before the people as the opponent of Mr. James E. Campbell. The issue would be squarely made on the tariff, and there is no doubt about the result.

America Ahead, as Usual.

New York World.

Judging from the awards made to Americans, our exhibit at the Paris exposition was not as meager as has been asserted. Our countrymen received over 1,000 prizes—more than the proportion obtained by any other one nation. The American Eagle has no reason to hang its proud head over this matter.

The Price of a Prince.

A prince is a luxury figured too high,
As judged by a recent quotation;
Ten millions, cash down, for the chance to ally.
Can hardly be termed moderation;
Though criticised much is one lady's device
She made a brave effort to cut down the price
In aid of less fortunate sisters.

Some Modern Literature.

Binghamton Republican.

Brown—Why, how pale you look; have you been ill?

Dobson—Worse than that; tackled a passion novel, last evening.

What Will we do With Our Women?

Washington Post.

The best and only solution of this political crusade of women is the natural provision of men for them. Women, according to the social code, unsexes herself by boldly seeking and asking in marriage. If men, unvexed by any sense of duty, passes her by, then work, self-protection and self-preservation must of necessity follow.

How to Close the Saloons.

Kansas City Star.

Pleasant words from Editor Mary West, of Chicago: "Moreover, I have been in Kansas City where saloons are closed on Sunday, and feel sure that if the authorities of Kansas City can succeed so can ours in Chicago." Why, of course, if they only know how to do. The proper way to begin is not to let your front door know what your back door doeth.

By this Mark Ye Shall Know Them.

Boston Journal.

Chicago drummers now carry rubber stamps bearing the legend, "World's Fair, 1892, Chicago," and register at the hotels with them.

Where the Australian Ballot Fails.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Australian ballot has been looked upon with favor wherever it has been tried, but it will never take the place of the French ballet in the hearts of the baldheaded.

The Sweetest Period of Life.

Boston Courier.

Through evening's peaceful hours,
When saleep are all the flowers,
And the fond nocturne warbles to his mate,
mate, mate,
And the silvery moon is beaming,
Then Corydon is dreaming
Love's dreams with lovely Phylus at the gate,
gate, gate.

Sweet courtship! Oh! enjoy it,
Nor hasten to destroy it
By making all too soon the maid your wife,
wife, wife;
The whispering and the sighing
Prolong—the hours now flying
Are the sweetest you will ever know in life, life, life.

Punishment Fitting the Crime.

Minneapolis Tribune.

A woman at South Bethlehem, Pa., offered a man $30 to marry her daughter. He performed his part of the contract, but when he attempted to collect his fee his new mother-in-law thrashed him soundly. Served him right. An American who will play Prince Hatzfeldt, even on a small scale, deserves severe and degrading punishment.

Her Majesty's Gloves and Shoes.

Hutchinson (Kans.) News.

Queen Victoria wears very commonplace black gloves—seven and a half, four buttons—and her shoes, well, they would fit the Prince of Wales, and he has waited long for them.

The Power Behind the Throne.

Boston Times.

The Stranger—Who owns this block?

The Resident—Well, Mr. Rich pays the taxes on it, but if you want anything you'd better see the janitor.

Cautious Ben.

Albany Argus.

Harrison is terribly afraid lest some wicked reporter should steal his message. He will not even trust it to Baby McKee.

Press on, Mrs. Foster.

Minneapolis Tribune.

There are hundreds of thousands of good women in this broad land who regard it as a social duty to enlist in the war against intemperance. They will rally around the standard of non-partisanship raised by Mrs. Foster. When they have had time to reflect, those who were most bitter in their opposition to her policy will acknowledge that she was right, "only a little ways ahead." There is need of a Woman's Christian Temperance union in our country. We want our good women to go on, shoulder to shoulder, for God, and home, and native land."

Game of Letters.

As the long evenings approach fireside games must supercede open air sports. Here is a new way to play with the letters which are so much used in the various more or less intricate word-making games. Try it, and see how much more interesting and exciting it is than it sounds. Get half a dozen wide-awake people around the table, and then put the letter box in the hands of some steady head who can be trusted as umpire. He will throw a letter in the center of the table, and the first one in the circle who can tell a geographical name beginning with the letter in sight takes the letter; and the one at the conclusion who can count the greatest number is the winner of the game. Any name of any place under our sun, which is of sufficient dignity to possess a post office, is legitimate to use; any lake, river, mountain or sea. The players must be willing to abide by the decision of the umpire as to who speaks first, and also accept his ruling out of any word which has once been called. People of all ages can join in a game of this kind, and "the more the merrier."

Metropolitan Pettiness.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Now the New York *Herald* says: "That the Grant monument fund is not larger is the fault of the country at large, and not of the metropolis, which has given its share." Did the country at large promise to erect a million dollar monument to Gen. Grant if his tomb was located at Riverside? The passion of New York for putting off the fulfilment of its obligations on the outsiders is one of the universal idiosyncrasies of metropolitan pettiness.

Publishers' Column.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash.

Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

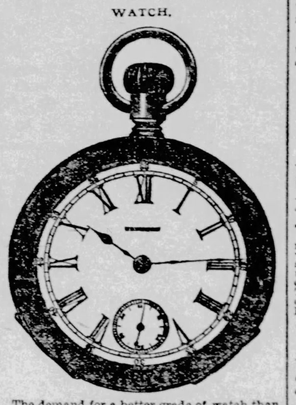
The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

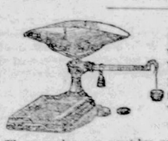
These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the ollowing prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Use fal in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work all the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $100 per month. Great workers, under the most favorable conditions, earn $20 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this royal chance. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. True & Co., Box 166, Augusta, Maine.

GOLD, SILVER, & NICKEL WATCHES GIVEN AWAY.

In order to introduce our publications into new localities, we make the following offer: Send us 50 cents, stamps or silver, and we will send you our paper regularly for 4 months, and in addition we will give to you the person sending 50c. for Paper and 50c. as above, a Watch, Gold Plated Hunting Case Watch, size of Movement 18 size, stem wind and stem set, open face, handsomely engraved, warranted a correct time keeper, a handsome Ring and Chain, and a Solid Gold Plated Charm. To the most of whom we can correspond, a handsome Ring and Chain, and a Solid Gold Plated Charm. To the most of whom we can correspond, a handsome Ring and Chain, and a Solid Gold Plated

The Household.

MISS EMILY E. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

YOUNG GIRL'S LETTER.

Department of Women in Places of Business Where Employed.

ONE of the many letters that reach me from all over the United States, wherever THE BLADE goes—and it goes everywhere—begged me to write something about the department towards each other of married men and young women in their employ, who are thrown together constantly in stores and offices, and in all of the many places where women now enter to earn a livelihood.

Instantly, as I read, my thought flew to a young girl, fair as the fairest, pure as the purest, who went forth from her home full of courage and enthusiasm to win for herself and loved, but unfortunate ones, a comfortable living, and returned thither, after a year or two, with the bright flower of her womanhood blasted forever, her good name dragged in the mud, her faith in man's honor utterly gone, her happiness ruined, weighed down with fear of a future of misery, courage, hope, ambition, all vanished, while he, her employer, through whom it had all come, had lost nothing—save it might be, haply, his own self-respect—but what might soon be regained. Ah, the cruelty, the injustice of it all!

TOWARDS EMPLOYERS.

"What shall be our department towards our employers?" Always respectful, always courteous, but preserving a dignity, a self-respectful demeanor that will repel all familiarity. Because a man is your employer and pays you wages for your services is no reason why you should receive or tolerate any less courteous treatment than he would accord to you in your own parlor were he a guest there. Return it in kind, remembering always, however, that although you are a woman, and, it is to be hoped, a lady, yet you are employed to do certain work for so much money, and it is entirely a business, and not a social matter. In fact, the social consideration does not enter into it in any sense. Do not presume upon the fact that you are a woman; do not demand or expect any more consideration, so far as your work is concerned, than a man would receive in the same place. Do not make conversation with your employer,—you are not called upon to entertain him—and remember that coquettish airs are as much out of place in a business office or store as a decollete dress would be. When you forget this, you lay yourself open to advances which, from a coarse man, may soon become insults that you will be compelled to resent; while with one of a different character, it will either excite in him a doubt of your innate purity, or open the way to a social relation, which, not being he'ged around by limitation of opportunity as to meeting, may grow into what will prove dangerous to one or both of you. The strongest man's power of resistance becomes weakness, when a pretty woman directs her artillery of attractions upon him, more especially when it is, or seems to be, innocently done.

I wonder if I have made you understand me—that while everywhere and always you may and should accept pleasantly and gracefully the treatment every woman ought to receive from every gentleman, you should utterly ignore the possibility of anything in a social way beyond that, attending strictly to your business, letting your "aye" be "aye" and your "nay" be "nay," as a man would in the same position, offering respect without servility, clothing yourself always with the dignity of a true womanhood.

ABOUT THE EMPLOYED.

"What sort of treatment shall you demand from your employer?" If you follow the course of conduct I have pointed out to you, you will not need to demand anything, but may simply "mind your own business," and go upon your way rejoicing. A true man, which term is synonymous with a gentleman, will respect and treat you as you show that you expect to be treated. Should he prove to be a man of unsavory repute, the sooner you get out of such conditions the better, unless you have dignity and force of character enough to hold him to his place of employer and yet compel respectful trestment. Never put up with an insult to your womanhood. Circumstances may compel you to endure what would be in ordinary social relations, a rudeness, but endure it in dignified silence, consoling yourself with the thought that it does you no real harm, while it stamps him as a coward.

There are two or three rules you want to make and hold fast to: Never to allow your employer to call you any name that betokens familiarity. No matter if he be an old friend of the family or has known you from childhood, though he is in the habit of addressing you by your Christian name at home or in social meetings,—though this be true, yet, in the office or store, let the more dignified appellation be used. Never permit any personal familiarity, such as the placing of a hand upon your shoulder, when overlooking what you are doing—a little thing to be sure, but the "touch not" rule is always the safest, and especially under such circumstances. Receive from him only such attentions as he would offer in the presence of his wife and friends, and accept no presents that are not given openly and frankly as a reward for faithful service. You have your own reputation to guard, your own honor to protect, and this must be done entirely outside and beyond the safeguard of parents and home.

NOT RAVENING WOLVES.

Do not understand me to say or think that all men who employ women are "ravening wolves." There are those, good and true, as I well know, who can be courteous without familiarity, chivalrous without sentimentality, kind and thoughtful without questionable intentions. There are those who will guard innocence, protect womanhood, be pleasant and agreeable, and yet never cross the line that separates respect and liking from flirtation; but it is not safe to always take this for granted, and by carelessness bring regret.

You also ask me what shall be your department towards the wife of your employer. Just exactly what it would be towards any other lady upon whom you have no claim, who is a stranger to you, but with whom you are accidentally brought in contact. If she be a lady she will treat you courteously. Certainly it is not in your place to made advances to her. You are simply her husband's employe, and, as such, have no social claim upon her whatever, unless she chooses to admit one. Your own self-respect will teach you to accept the footing upon which she places you, unless she should treat you with rudeness, in which case you should resent it as you would that of any other person—by a simple non-recognition, or, as I should rather say, a non-observation of her presence.

NO COQUETRY.

Remember this always. In the close association which is usually the necessary result of the employment of a young woman in a business office, never allow yourself to be guilty of coquetting with your employer. You have the absent wife's honor to guard as well as your own.

There are many men who will plead home unhappiness, lack of appreciation, in order to arouse an interest in some other woman. Receive no such confidences if you happen to be the one chosen, but if you cannot avoid it, remember that you are hearing but one side of the story, and hold your sympathies in check. That sort of thing is done again and again, simply that he may be commiserated. He knows well that pity is the first step to a warmer feeling, and while, in the beginning, he may have no well-defined attention of wronging you, the danger line may be passed ere you dream it is near.

I am speaking to you in this way because I believe you want to do right. There are women who will deliberately use their wiles upon the men who are brought within their influence, winning their allegiance from those to whom it belongs, wrecking homes, bringing pain and shame and misery to the innocent, and then go on their way rejoicing. Ah, what a harvest of suffering they will have to reap in the "sometime!"

This is a sort of transition season so far as woman's work is concerned. There is still a newness about women's presence in business places, and until that wears away they have need to be "wise as serpents," while preserving their sweetness and womanliness. Let those girls among my readers who are out in the world earning an honest living, remember that as you respect yourself, so will you be respected; that as you guard your own womanhood, so will it be held sacred; that as you make men see that you are true to yourself, so will the worthy give you honest esteem, and the unworthy yield you, at least, an outward deference which leaves you nothing to fear. EMILY S. BOUTON.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The following is a reply to some of the many questions about matters of etiquette which we are constantly receiving:

"Anxious Inquirer," it would certainly be proper for the gentleman who accompanies you to pay for your car-ticket, unless your friend giving the invitation pays for the party. An expression of pleasure in regard to the jaunt when you return will be sufficient thanks.

"Johnnie." At an informal dinner when the plates are not removed, you can place your dessert plate upon the one that has been used, if there are no remnants of the dinner left upon it. If there are, push it to one side.

Eat your oysters with a fork.

Long wraps are the most stylish for evening wear, if the object is to simply cover an evening dress, and is to be thrown aside. If it is a general wrap to wear to the theater, opera or concert, and to be retained, either long or short is fashionable, and close or half fitting as you fancy most.

The Catogan braid is simply a heavy braid starting from the neck and passed up the back of the head, fastening at the top.

We have heard it pronounced in various ways, but usually with the principal accent upon the last syllable, thus—cat-o-*gan*. The editor's name is pronounced as if spelled Bow-tun.

"Mae," write thus after the first line address: "Allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. A, who will call upon you. His cordial reception by you, will make me your debtor." Should he not be a friend of your own, you can leave off the last sentence, substituting a statement, if you choose, of his purpose in calling. Or you can say: "Allow me to introduce to you Mr. A, a gentleman who desires to make your acquaintance."

Thank a gentleman friend for a gift precisely as you would a lady.

"A young girl"—Reply to the remark "I am happy to meet you," with a simple "Thank you." That is sufficient, unless you desire to add, "The pleasure is mutual."

Do not invite a gentleman to your home until you are sure that he is a gentleman. Do not "ask any one in" when it is a late hour in the evening, and never when the family are not up and the house lighted, no matter how well you may know the gentleman. Do not allow any gentleman calling on you to remain after 10 o'clock. Never do anything that your womanly instincts tells you may not be proper. Better be too careful than not careful enough. You can always be a lady, bright and pleasant, without allowing familiarity, but a certain reserve, both as to your invitations to come to your house, and as to manner, is far better than carelessness.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PHOTOGRAPH CASE.—In answer to a wish the following is given: Cut a piece of satin or silk, any color desired, eighteen inches one way and eleven inches the other. This folded together will make a cover nine inches wide. Across one corner of one side put a piece of plush of some warm contrasting color, and paint or embroider a spray of flowers in or near the center. Outline this spray paint with luster paints in pretty lettering the word "Photograph!" Line with quilted silk, sew together, put a cord around the edge, fold and sew to the middle of the long sides, ribbons to tie it together if desired. Any number of photographs may be put in here.

Sometimes these cases are made so as hang on the wall. The case part must then be put like a pocket, and the ornamentation upon that. These make pretty Christmas gifts.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" will help you in this direction. Send 25 cents to Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

PRETTY CAKE DECORATION.—I will try to describe a pretty way to fix a cake for a party or festival. It is especially pretty for a wedding, for the bride's cake. For a cake pan you can substitute a large milk pan, about fifteen inches in diameter, by having a large tube about nine inches in diameter soldered in the center. Be sure to have the tube made the same size all the way up. Make the cake stand. Have your tinner make one to fit the cake pan, with the handle just as wide across as the tube. Cover the stand all over with tissue paper cut very fine. Place flowers in the center. Hope I have made this plain, for the effect is beautiful.—MRS. WILL R. BUTLER. Anamosa, Iowa.

BIRD OF PARADISE ON BLACK SATIN.—In response to numerous inquiries I give recipe and instructions for painting Bird of Paradise on black satin for a screen or panel. Perforated pattern No. S14, size 14x24, can be used to stamp design on the goods. This is a very gracefully arranged pattern, a little different from the one given last year, and a prettier design. Use white powder to do the stamping. The following ingredients will be needed: Pane of glass for palette. Sable brushes No. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. Tube oil colors: Silver white, yellow ochre, chrome yellow, light zinnaber green, raw umber, madder lake, ivory black, burnt sienna, orange chrome, light chrome yellow, permanent blue, Antwerp blue and Geranium lake. One bottle each of pale drying oil and rectified turpentine. Lay under your satin on the painting board or table two thicknesses of soft paper, holding all firmly in place by artists' thumb tacks.

Take out first a quantity of white, adding to it a few drops each of turpentine and drying oil. With a palette knife or piece of corset steel, mix this thoroughly. Then paint your design all white. Apply paint in smooth, even strokes, being careful to preserve the outlines of your design. In a half day or less time this will be dry enough to lay on the tinting shades. Gold wing is shown in this pattern; these and the body are to be painted golden brown. For this shade mix yellow ochre, a little white, chrome yellow, raw umber and a touch each of madder lake and ivory black. The head is painted a bright, light yellow. Add to ochrome yellow a little white to make this shade. The tail feathers are painted gold, shading into a rich purple. For this gold shade mix orange chrome, light chrome yellow, adding a little each of white and ivory black. The rich, light purple tint is made by mixing madder lake, permanent blue and white. The breast should be an olive bronze, made by mixing chrome yellow and Antwerp blue and adding a very little each of white and ivory black. The bill, legs and feet are a brownish pink; from this shade mix yellow ochre, a very little Geranium lake, ivory black and white. Two warm shades on which the bird rests may be painted with burnt sienna, a little yellow ochre and raw umber mixed. Paint the blossoms a rich pink, made by mixing Geranium lake and white. The small dot in the center of each blossom is made with light chrome yellow. Paint the leaves in two shades of green—one made of Antwerp blue, light chrome yellow and a little white; one made of Zinnaber green and orange chrome. This design is handsome on a large pane of common glass. After painting it, a shaded background of grey-pink may be put in on the other side. White, ivory black and a very little geranium lake will make this shade. Omit from the design the small flowers and the water at the base of the pattern. After the stamping is done rub them out with a soft cloth before beginning to paint.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by four cents postage to cover the cost of reply.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph county, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; d ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

BABY'S AFGHAN.—The pattern is very pretty for baby's carriage or crib. It is an open work pattern, and ribbon can be run in and bows placed at each corner. Cast on any number of stitches which can be divided by seven. 1st row—o—sl—k 1—pass slip stitch over knitted one—k 5. 2d row—p across. 3d row—o—sl—k 1—pass slip stitch over—k 1—p 3—k 1. 4th row—o 1—k 1—o—n—p 3. 5th row—o—sl—k 1—pass slip stitch over—k 1—p 3—k 1. 6th row—p across. 7th—o—sl—k 1—pass slip stitch over—k 5. 8th row—p across. Begin at third row.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Oregon.

CROCHETED SKIRT.—Get ¼ lb., or 8 skeins 3 fold Saxony. For Roman pattern, 1 skein red, 1 white, 1 cream white, 1 pink, 1 light blue, 1 lemon yellow and 2 black. Chain to reach around waist and allow ¼ yard and join. s c 1—s c 3 in next stiten of chain—; c 1—skip 2—repeat for 15 rounds. 16th round—s c 1—s c 5, instead of 3—s c 1—skip 2—repeat. 17th to 35th round—s c 2—s c 3 in next—s c 2—skip 2—repeat. 35th round—s c 2—s c 5, instead of 3—s c 2—skip 2—repeat. 36th to 54th round—s c 3—s c 3 in next—s c 3—skip 2—repeat. 54th round—s c 3—s c 5, instead of 3—s c 3—skip 2—repeat. 55th to 74th round—s c 4—s c 3 in next—s c 4—skip 2—repeat. 74th round—s c 4—s c 5, instead of 3—s c 4—skip 2—repeat. 75th to 94th round—s c 5—s c 3 in next—s c 5—skip 2—repeat. 94th round—s c 5—s c 5 in next—s c 5—skip 2—repeat. 95th to 117th round—s c 6—s c 3—s c 6—skip 2—repeat.

This will make a skirt about ¾ yard in length.

ARRANGEMENT OF COLORS.—Red, 15 rounds; white, 1 round; blue, 1 round; yellow, 1 round; black 1 round; cream, 1 round; pink, 1 round; red, 1 round; cream 12 rounds; black, 1 round; pink, 1 round; yellow, 1 round; blue, 1 round; white, 1 round; black, 1 round; yellow, 1 round; black, 12 rounds; blue, 1 round; white, 1 round; red, 1 round; yellow, 1 round; white, 1 round; pink, 1 round; cream, 1 round; blue, 12 rounds; white, 1 round; pink, 1 round; yellow, 1 round; black, 1 round; cream, 1 round; red, 1 round; blue, 1 round; pink, 12 rounds; white, 1 round; black, 1 round; blue, 1 round; cream, 1 round; pink, 1 round; black, 1 round; red, 1 round; black, 12 rounds; pink, 1 round; white, 1 round; red, 1 round; yellow, 1 round; black, 1 round; blue, 1 round; pink, 1 round; red, 1 round.

CHAIR TIDY.—In answer to "M. E." in THE BLADE of October 31, I send following directions for chair tidy: Use carpet warp and quite coarse steel crochet hook; chain 106. First row—1 sh (3 d c—1 ch—3 d c) in 4th st from hook—ch 1—skip 5—sh in next st; repeat 3 times (5 sh in all)—ch 10—skip 14—make 5 shs as before—ch 3, and turn. Second row—sh on each of 5 lower sh—ch 10—make 5 shs—ch 10—make 5 sh—ch 3, and turn. Third row—sh on each of 5 lower sh—ch 5, and fasten in center of 10 ch below—make 5 shs—ch 5—fasten in center of 10 ch—make 5 shs. Proceed with the rows until the tidy is as long as you wish it. Very pretty lambrequins may also be made by crocheting a piece as long as the length of the shelf. I hope I have made this plain.—HATTIE M. SMITH, Frankfort, Mich.

THANKSGIVING MENU.

The following is a comparatively inexpensive menu for a Thanksgiving dinner, and is yet in good style for a small company of friends:

1—Potato or Tomato Soup.
2—Broiled Salmon or Trout.
Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.
3—Roast Turkey with bread stuffing.
Cranberry Sauce.
Stewed Coanberries. Mashed Potatoes.
Pickles. Peas.
4—Lettuce Salad with French dressing.
Wafers. Cheese.
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.
Nuts and Raisins. Coffee.

Maitre d'hotel sauce is made as follows: Take 1 tablespoonful of drawn butter, 1 of minced parsley, 1 lemon, and pepper and salt to taste. Drain the butter, boil the parsley 3 mins., then put in cold water for 5 mins., chop and stir in the butter; squeeze in the lemon juice, add pepper and salt, then beat hard with an egge whip, return to the fire and let boil up through once.

The coffee may be served with the heavy course, if desired. Many people relish it more at that time, taking a second cup at the end of the meal.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MEN AND WOMEN.—I have just been reading an article in the Washington *Post* by Elizabeth Tompkins, in which, speaking of men and women workers, she says: "Men are very careless about the comforts and rights of women workers. They make demands on them that they would quickly resent if made on themselves. If any one is sick in the family, the sister is expected to put her work aside if she can and do the nursing while the brother flatly refuses because he must work. He can't sit up nights watching by sick beds nor do part of the next day's work, but the sister is expected to, instead of getting a trained nurse. If she should refuse it would be too 'heartless' and 'cruel' for belief. Then if a man has a sick wife, or sick child, it is his sister he sends for, and he feels very much abused if she doesn't respond or refuses on account of her work. These are the things women must guard against and take a firm stand in refusing.

Now that there is some truth and some right in all of this, we are willing to allow, but it seems to me that in dealing with this subject, Miss Tompkins does not go deep enough. Probably she is dealing with the experience of some one else, rather than her own, and has given the matter no serious thought.

In many cases of this kind the girl has a home with her parents and all that she earns goes to the adornment of her person, or is otherwise used merely for the furtherance of her own selfish aims, while the brother may have a family to support, and therefore cannot afford to lose a single day's work—or to hire a nurse. This all seems to have reference to a married brother and his family; otherwise, who is expected to hire the nurse?)

It seems to me that if the hired nurse was any way possible the sick wife would far prefer her services to those of a sister, or sister-in-law so gradingly given. It is a great deal more comfortable when one should ever be sick! or that men should ever marry before they are independently rich, and know just what is before them! or that sisters should ever have to work! or——

But I might go on in that strain for an hour and all these things would still exist, and I would be no nearer to finding the right way through them.

The fact is, these things come to us as trials, they must be met; there is always a right and a wrong way to meet them and they leave us better or worse than we were before. It is no wonder men are prone to discourage women wage-earners, if all the little services which go to make homes and families pleasant, and women tender and true, are to be trampled on and put aside, for what? Is it the love of money, or what is it that is robbing woman of all her womanliness? Far be it from me to say a word against the industries of the women, who, thrown on their own efforts for a livelihood, do all they can to maintain their rights and independence. It would indeed be a selfish brother who would expect such an one to run the risk of losing her place for his sake, unless it was a case of life and death, and he was willing to do all in his power afterwards to compensate her for the service she had rendered him, and in such a case surely God would see that sooner or later she had her reward. We are all prone to be selfish, particularly in times of trouble, and a few kind words or explanation is sometimes all that is needed to set the matter straight.

Further on in her talk Miss Tompkins advises married women to avoid, if possible, doing anything to earn money, as "it seems to sap the energies of a husband for a wife to earn money." Now, I've known that the husband whose energies are sapped because his wife earns a little money for herself, never had any energy to be sapped. No doubt it is because they have such men for husbands that many women turn to making a living for themselves; for this is not always the case. There are good and loving husbands who, somehow, have missed their chance of ever making more than the barest living for their families, and there are good and noble women who love and respect these men, and are willing to do anything in their power to aid their husbands in surrounding their homes and their children with the comforts and refinements that go to make up so much of life. And there are women who have loving and energetic husbands, and pleasant homes, who have also genius or talents that crave for an outlet, and that they are willing and glad to use for the benefit of others, still believing that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," whether man or woman, married or single.—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

A FEW HINTS.—As Thanksgiving is almost at hand, I will give a few hints for the housewife that may not come amiss. In the first place, I will give a very good recipe for preserving eggs, as there may be some who have not put down their winter eggs. Take a colanderful at a time and pour a teakettle of boiling water over them, and keep in a cool place. The hot water, as it drains over them and passes off through the colander, cooks a thin coating of the albumen, but so slightly that the eggs are equal to new laid eggs, without the hatching qualities.

To color Easter eggs, wind strips of bright-colored calico around them and boil in lye. For yellow, boil with onion skins.

To singe a fowl, pour a few drops of alcohol on a plate and burn.

To draw a chicken for stuffing, cut a slit under one leg, so it may be hidden by sewing up. Take the crop out from a cut in the back of the neck. Rub clear lard, or lay a piece of fat pork over a fowl when put to roast. A peeled onion inside of a wild fowl will absorb that strong fishy taste, if left in a few hours.

Roast poultry a half hour to the pound, basting frequently. Do not wash, but wipe clean with a damp towel. By washing any kind of meat, the blood, and consequently the nourishment, is drawn out. Do not split the gizzard to take out the inside, but cut from the outside the thick parts. It is much easier cooked.

For roasting, a turkey a year old is considered best.

For chicken pate, remove bones and skin and chop fine, season with salt, butter and pepper. Add broth to make it moist, and press into a mold. When cold, slice thin.

Beef should be fine grained, smooth, bright red and fat.

Veal firm, white and dry, kidneys covered with fat.

Mutton, dark red, with firm white fat.

Lamb, pale red, bluish veins in the neck.

Pork, skin smooth and thin.

The choicest cuts for roasting are the sixth, seventh and eighth ribs.

Set plates in hot water and dry them before sending to table.—ORLENA, Cortland, Ill.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me what will take spots off brown kid gloves, caused by laying in a damp place? Also something to prevent the hair from falling out? Would like something that has been thoroughly tested.—LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID.

Will some kind sister in the HOUSEHOLD please send me a postal card with the address of a firm where I can send for convex glasses for cameo oil painting?

I have a few little clothes for a one year old I will send to "John's Wife" if she will send me her address.—MRS. NELLIE COLGATE, Hendricks, Fremont Co., Colo.

Will some one tell me how to use glue for gluing satin to wood-work? Would you cover it all over with glue or just around the edge? And will the glue soak through the satin and stain it?

Will Black Hill's "Blue Bell" please send to the address below the directions for making the photograph holder? I will return postage.—MISS NELLIE G. MILLAR, No. 1178 Bur Road, S. M., Muscatine, Iowa.

I would be much pleased if any one having old books or newspapers which are interesting reading that they would part with, if to send them to Mrs. L. Poff, Bunker Hill, Miami county, Ind.

Can any of THE BLADE readers tell me just how pom-poms are made of milkweed pods? Answer soon, please.—BLADE READER.

I have read in the HOUSEHOLD of a lady who wished to correspond with some one about domestic help. I would like her address. Send to box 298, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Will some one that has had experience with the "moon flower," such as are raised from seed, tell me what to do with mine? It has made a good growth, but exhibits no sign of blooming. Can I slip it and keep in the house, or can the root be taken up?—BESSIE.

I would like to exchange a few letters with a reliable Christian woman, one that understands the millinery business—one that would like to take a partner or change their location. Direct to box 64, Elkhorn Grove, Ill.

A young man of strictly temperate habits is annoyed by a very red face. Please give a remedy.

Will you please insert in THE BLADE directions for crocheting a ladies fascinator, or, if you are not already supplied, a request that some subscriber will furnish them?—MARY ELLIS, Roxbury, Va.

A pattern was given some time ago in the HOUSEHOLD, but to save repetition we shall be glad to have one from some correspondent.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

It is useless for our correspondents to send requests for exchanges of any kind as we were long since obliged to exclude them from our columns because of their number, and that each one only concerned two or three persons.

"Sylvia," a great many things are recommended for wrinkles, but none of them will be efficacious unless you have fair health. Even then a bright, happy, hopeful spirit, without anxiety over the wrinkles themselves, will do more towards driving them away than any application. However, you will find in "Recipes" a cream given to use in connection with rubbing that is said to do wonders. You can try it and see.—[ED.

MRS. Henry S., we have handed the circular received to a responsible person, who carefully examined it. He says that you would probably find that you had thrown your money away. It is simply one way to make money. If you were where he is and could go to him personally, thus following it up, you would not run so much risk. Of course, it is impossible to say absolutely that it is a humbug, but it looks that way.—[ED.

For inquirer about cabbage worm. Strong alum water is a sure remedy. I have used it. Sprinkle on morning and evening.

In answer to MRS. Streyfiler I would say, that oiling pine floors has given satisfaction to those I have known having them. A friend of mine, having a pine floor oiled, said that when the oil needed renewing on the floor she would go over the floor with oil after the rest of her family had retired for the night, and in the morning it was dry to do her morning's work upon. So much better than to paint and wait a week or two for it to dry. I have no pine inside of my house. Kitchen, pantry and hall—maple floors oiled. Woodwork and doors oiled; some maple, and some pine finish, and I am perfectly satisfied without paint. Use boiled linseed oil, hot as you can put it on. I prefer a soft cloth; some would say a brush; rub it well in. Two coats of oil is better on a new floor. It takes longer for a hard wood floor to dry. The co t is also much less than paint.

I wish to tell MRS. Amanda Paxton if she immediately stops her child when he attempts to speak and commences to stutter, and then let him speak and say what he wishes to, and encourage him in trying to speak without any hesitation he will, after a few weeks, speak all right; I know from experience with my own little girl of four years of age, over thirty years ago. —MRS. M. E. PARIS, Traverse City, Mich.

To the lady at the Indiana Agency, my address is (Box 39), Oskaloosa, Jefferson county, Kansas.

RECIPES.

COLD CREAM FOR SKIN.—1 oz. white wax, 1 oz. spermaceti, 1 oz. almond oil, 1 oz. olive oil, 1 oz. benzoated lard, ¼ oz. camphor gum. Melt together, first dissolving the camphor in the oil before adding other ingredients. Then beat them all together until perfectly cold and creamy. When desiring to use it wash the face perfectly clean with hot water and soap, dry gently with soft towel, then put the cream on with the hands, rubbing for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until absorbed. It will certainly relieve.

FROSTING.—Will send Mrs. Bierman my recipe for making frosting, which I think is a good one, it closely followed: ½ cupful of water, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, the whites of three eggs. Place the water and sugar over a fire and let boil, the same as for syrup. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and beat well while pouring the hot syrup over. Beat until smooth. Chocolate or cocoanut may be used.—JENNIE UPTEGROVE.

QUICK WAFFLES.—3 cupfuls flour: 1 pt. milk; 2 eggs; 1 tablespoonful melted butter; large pinch of salt; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat the eggs light; add the melted butter, salt and milk, sift the baking powder with the flour, and stir in, whipping thoroughly the last thing before pouring the batter into the irons. Have these well greased, or the waffles will scorch and stick. A small piece of salt fat pork is the best to grease with.—MRS. C.

SNOW PUDDING.—Dissolve ½ box of gelatine in 1 pint of boiling water; mix this with 1 lb. of white sugar, the whites of 4 eggs, and the juice of 2 lemons. Beat until it becomes a stiff broth; this will take about an hour.—OLD DR. CARLIN.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

METZ, MO.	TOLEDO, O.
Mary A Dixon	Roy Wales
Bonnie M Shelton	LEE, O.
Victoria Rowan	Jesse J Johnson
EMMABLE, O.	Perley V Coe
Minnie A LeFever	Frank M Daines
Burns E LeFever	Wesley F Daines
Iva L LeFever	Charley Bowers
Barnet T LeFever	HIXON, O.
Orrin E LeFevre	Charley Johnson
Charley E Blackwood	Nelson V Johnson
Grace Alderman	E V O'Neal
Berta Alderman	O B E O'Neal
Clarence L McKain	S R O'Neal
Emma D McKain	Stella Hixon
Lena L McKain	Edna Everett
Mary E McKain	Johnny Everett
Maggie C McKain	Cora South
W D Phillips	Kenneth W Johnson
R J Phillips	GLOUSTER, O.
ATHENS, O.	James E Campbell
Effie L Howard	Elma Campbell
Harry Howard	Lizzie Allen
Alma Howard	Zina Allen
Leota Howard	

Names this week, 42. Total, 27,702.

The above embraces all names received up to November 15.

THE BABY'S BEAD.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I am only a bit of amber
That dazzles the baby's eyes;
But the light in my innermost chamber
Is the light of the pristine skies.

For ages ago, and ages,
When, far in the upper air,
Vast firs, like old arch-imagers,
Shed incense every where.

All in the wide gray weather
Which wrapped the whole round world
Solemnly waved together
As the thick warm vapors curled.

In the sunshine's sudden bursting
I oozed from a tumuit bough,
And I drank that splendor thirsting—
There is no such sunshine now.

And the wings that came round me flashing—
None like them are fluttering here—
I caught in my heavy plashing
And sealed in my shining sphere.

Oh, life that was wild and glorious,
When the elements wrought for man,
And wave over fire victorious
Shaped the earth to her ancient plan!

Then the tides, in the great world changes,
Rose in their mighty turn,
Rolled over the fir tree's ranges
And the plume of the giant fern.

And ages had passed, and ages,
When the winds scooped the deep sea floor,
And the seas in their storm-blown rages
Tossed me to light once more.

And now, half a jest, it may be,
Half a charm, you hang in your mirth,
Round the throat of the new-born baby
The oldest thing on earth!

—[St. Nicholas.

WILLIAMETTE'S WINGS.

BY LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

LITTLE Williamette lived with her grandmother in Paris. One day she was sent to market to buy an eggplant for dinner. After paying her few sous for a fine one, she went over to a pigeon-stall to take a look at the pretty pigeons.

The bird-merchant was busy brushing out the cages and filling the food and water-vessels.

The birds were not afraid of him. It amused the child to watch them taking their walks with mincing steps, making fans of their tails, and cooing sociably. Lovely shades of color flowed over their tremulous throats, and their bright eyes seemed to welcome her. She looked into the breeding cases where the nests were, and longed to ask if these held eggs and young birds.

Now the man noticed the little girl with a "good morning," and inquired how she liked his homing pigeons.

"Oh, are they that kind?" returned Williamette, greatly interested. "Could they fly home from ten miles away?"

The man laughed. "This pair in the small cage has just been sold to a gentleman who read in the morning papers about their coming home from Florence, Italy, yesterday."

"Did they find their way to this very place?" asked Williamette.

The man explained that he had a dovecot in a tower of this market, and there the birds were reared. When young, they had been trained to fly home, at first from short distances. He told how, during the last war with Germany, pigeons were used for carrying dispatches; the writing being done in very fine letters on the thinnest of paper, which was rolled, put in a piece of quill and tied to the bird's leg.

Then a man laid a feeble, fluttering thing upon a sheif that supported the cages.

"What is that?" she asked, on tiptoe.

"Only a young one that fell out of the nest and has broken its wing."

"Can I have it?"

"And welcome. It'll soon die, though; it's no good."

Thanking him, Williamette wrapped the poor thing in her handkerchief and went out of the market. She had felt pity for the bird, and wanted to save its life. She knew that when any person is so unfortunate as to break a limb, a surgeon must be called to set the bone. So going toward home she looked at every house until, seeing a doctor's sign, she rang the door bell.

She was invited into a room where a gentleman spoke to her very kindly.

"Will you please set my bird's wing sir?" said Williamette. "I have five centimes which I will bring directly; they are all I can pay."

The doctor smiled. "This is not a bird-hospital, my child, but let us see what can be done."

He was fond of children, so he gladly tried to help this tender-hearted little girl.

He treated the dumb patient and gave it to its owner, saying he hoped it would do well, and she was quite welcome to his service. Williamette, who had seen how gently he handled the poor thing, would have offered five napoleons instead of five centimes, had she been so rich. She left the doctor's office with a light and thankful heart.

Williamette stole quietly through the kitchen, then climbed all the stairs of a very high and very narrow house, her treasure held close to her bosom. The house, built long ago by her grandfather, had an observatory, fast falling to decay. Only the child came up there now.

She felt the least bit guilty on account of having a secret from her grandmother. She feared that this grandmother, who had always refused her a pet dog, would object to the pigeon, and would say again that poor people ought not to waste food and time on such creatures. Whether her bird would live was not at all certain; she would wait and see before saying anything about it.

Williamette made a soft nest of wool, pulled from an old mattress, and left her poor dove to itself, while she went down to be with her grandmother. After dinner she carried up some bread crumbs and water in a broken saucer. But the wounded bird would swallow nothing, and its owner expected to find it dead in the morning.

However, when she crept up to the ruined observatory almost as soon as she awoke, the little thing rose to its feet, opened its beak and wanted breakfast. That day she went to market early, eager to get proper food for her pet. She had all her centimes along to spend for its benefit. The frail life she had taken in her hands must not be lost for want of anything she could get.

Upon hearing the report about the bird, the man who had given it gave the child some of the food with which he fed his doves, telling her to come for more as often as needed, and it should cost her nothing.

At her next visit to his stall she was just in time to save a bird which had broken its leg. The bird-fancier was sorry for the accident, it being a remarkably fine specimen, he said, and well-grown. If she chose, she could take it home as a companion to the other.

Williamette took it straight to the doctor's office. "I want to set this myself," she said. "If I should some time raise pigeons, it would be best for me to know how. Give me a stiff bandage, if you please, and look on and tell me if I don't do it properly." Then she set bravely to work. It hurt her as if the limb were her own and she looked pale when her task was finished.

"Brave little girl!" cried the surgeon. "And a bone-setter already." He was so much pleased that he asked her name and where was her home.

A few days passed, and her pets throve so well that Williamette found no excuse for further concealment. The broken bones had knit together, the older bird was learning the use of his wings, so that she had to tie it by a ribbon. This she fastened to her wrist, took the bird's bright little mate in the other hand, and slowly descended the creaking stairs, stopping at the head of each flight. She would venture to show her grandmother the doves, letting the dumb things speak for themselves.

The door of the sitting-room was open, and some one was talking with the grandmother. By the voice, Williamette recognized her friend the doctor. It was a joyful surprise. She ran down the last steps and stood silent, but all aglow on the threshold before them. The visitor was just making inquiries after her and her pigeons; he had put the grandmother in a very pleasant humor, and she allowed her to keep the doves. Williamette was as light-hearted as her cooing pets.

"I have so often wished for wings," she said; "now I have some. When they cut the air I will fancy it is myself. What fun!"

"What are their names?" asked the doctor.

"They have none. You and grandma must name one each, and please be quick."

"Call that one Prince," said the doctor.

"And the little one Pretty," said grandma.

"Your name is Prince—your name is Pretty. You should be noble and charming birds."

The same day, the doctor whose call had ended with his going up to see the dovecot, sent a workman who made repairs, and left it gleaming white like marble. The White House at Washington is not more admired by the people than a white dovecot is by doves. Nothing makes them at home in a new place so much as a coat of paint.

But they were no longer alone, for the doctor made Williamette dance for joy by a present of a pair of breeding pigeons. The old rancher, of whom they were purchased, added a couple of disused cages for his pleasant little acquaintance; and now, as her grandmother said, the child was fairly set up in business. As the weeks went by there was a nest, there were eggs, little wings and legs that did not get broken, and wide beaks clamoring for food. Never was Williamette weary, of caring for her flock.

When Prince and Pretty were a year old they were rearing their third pair of nestlings. The mother bird's wing was too stiff for long flights, but the father bird, though his leg showed a bunch that would have hurt his sale, proved a captial flier. Before he was fully grown they took him out to St. Cloud on a children's gala day, and set him free in the sight of hundreds. The bird rose in the air, made a few circles, then flew straight as an arrow toward the great city. Almost as soon as the young spectators were done clapping their hands at the sight, Williamette's wings came home; and doubtless the pigeon strutting in the cot told his mate how he had flown across the world to be by the side of his little mistress again.

The first birds spared were sent to Williamette's cousins at Lyons; and soon the practical wings were flying to and fro between Lyons and Paris.

One day her friend at the market sent her a customer who bought her best pair of "homers," paying in gold. The amazed child, as she held the shining coin, asked herself if she were really the girl whose entire fortune had once been five centimes.

About this time, through their friend the doctor, the old house was exchanged for a charming cottage a little outside the city, and a sum of money which insured the little girl an education. Here where they went to live, the dove cot in the garden was the principal feature. Williamette

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

THE hot wind was still blowing, but the glad tidings seemed to have broken its power over the spirits of men, and thousands had come pouring out to assemble under the sycamore. Miriam gave her hand to Eleazar, the son of her brother Aaron, sprang on to the bench which stood close to the huge, hollow trunk of the tree, and, in a loud voice, prayed to the Lord, raising her hands and eyes to Heaven, as though in ecstasy her eyes beheld him

Then she bade the messenger speak, and when he had once more declared all that had befallen in Toan, a loud cry went up from the multitude. Then Eleazar, the son of Aaron, described, in glowing words, all that the Lord had done for his people and had promised to them and their children, and their children's children.

Every word from the speaker's eager lips had fallen on the hearts of his hearers like the fresh dew of morning on parched grass. The believers had shouted greeting to him and to Miriam, and the faint-hearted had found new wings of hope. Tezebar and Michael and their followers murmured no more; nay, most of them had caught the gentle enthusiasm, and when presently a Hebrew soldier of the garrison stole out from the storehouse and revealed to them that his chief had been informed what was going forward, Edenzar, Nashon, Hur and some others had held council with the shepherds present and had urged them in fiery language to show now that they were men and not afraid to fight, with God's mighty help, for their nation and its freedom. There was no lack of axes, staves sickles and brazen pikes, of heavy poles and slings, the shepherds' weapons against the beasts of the desert, though of bows and arrows they had none. A strong force of powerful herdsmen had collected round Hur, and they at once had marched upon the Egyptian overseers who were in authority over some hundreds of Hebrew bondsmen toiling at the earthworks.

With the cry, "They are coming! Down with the oppressors! The Lord our God is our captain!" they threw themselves on the Libyan guard, scattered them abroad and released the Hebrew laborers and stone-hewers. The noble Nahshon had set the example of clasping one of the hapless serfs as a brother to his heart, and then the others embraced the men they had set free, and thus the shout, "They are coming! The Lord our God is our captain!" rang out far and wide. When at last the handful of shepherds had swollen to a thousand Hur had led them on to meet the Egyptian warriors, whose numbers were far inferior.

The garrison, indeed, was but a handful; the Hebrew host was now beyond counting.

The Egyptian archers had shot a flight of arrows, and the slings of the stalwart Hebrews had sent a shower of deadly pebbles among the foremost of the foe, when a trumpet-call was heard calling the party of soldiers back into the shelter of the scarped walls and stout doors. The Egyptian chief had judged the Hebrew force too great, and he also knew it was unsafe for the fort till re-enforcements should arrive.

But Hur had not been content with this first victory. Success had fanned the courage of his followers as a new breeze fans a smouldering fire; whenever an Egyptian showed himself on the roof of the storehouse a smooth pebble hit him deftly about the head or a shaft from the mighty arm of a skilful marksman. By Nahshon's orders ladders were brought out. In an instant the besiegers were swarming up the building on all sides, and after a short and bloodless struggle the stores were in the hands of the Hebrews. The Egyptians could only keep possession of the adjoining stronghold.

Meanwhile the wind had fallen. The more furious of the released bondsmen had piled straw, timber and brushwood before the door of the little fort into which the Egyptians had retired, and they could without difficulty have destroyed the foe to the last man by fire; but Hur, Nahshon and the other wiser heads among the Hebrews had not permitted the destruction of the victuals laid up in the great storehouse.

It had, indeed, been no easy matter to keep the younger men among the oppressed serfs from this deed of vengeance; but they all belonged to some family in the settlement, and as Hur's prohibition was supported by the commands of their parents, they were soon not merely pacified but ready to help in distributing the contents of the great granaries among the households and in loading them into carts or on to beasts of burden to be carried off by the fugitives.

All this took place by the flaming light of torches, and it soon had assumed the character of an orgie, for neither Nahshon nor Eleazar had been able to hinder the men and women from opening the wine skins and jars. However, they succeeded in saving the larger part of the precious booty for the time of need, and although there, indeed, too many were drunk, the strong juice of the grape and their glee at securing so much plunder moved the multitude to thankfulness. When at length Eleazar went among them once more to speak to them of the Promised Land, they were ready to listen to him with uplifted hearts, and joined in a hymn of praise started by Miriam.

As in Toan the spirit of the Lord had fallen on the people in the hour of their departing, so now in Succoth. When some ancient men and women who had hidden themselves in the temple of Toan heard the song of triumph, they came forth and joined the rejoicing, and in their possessions with as much glad hope and confidence in the God of their fathers as if they had never murmured at departing.

As the stars failed, joy and excitement increased. Men and women went out in troops on the road to Tanis to meet their brethren. Many a father led his youthful son by the hand, many a mother carried her infant on her arm, that it might be kindred to greet in the coming multitude, and this day must bring some moments of solemn joy in which all who were near and dear must share, and which even the youngest child would remember when he himself had children and grandchildren.

None sought his bed in tent, hut or house, for every hand was needed to finish the work of packing. The crowd of toilers in the store-house had diminished, and most households were furnished with as much food as they could carry away.

In front of the tents and hovels men and women, ready to depart, were camping round hastily lighted fires, and in the farm yards the cattle were being harnessed to the wagons, and such beasts and sheep as were unfit to march were at once slaughtered. Outside many of the houses men plied the ax and hammer, and the sound of sawing was heard, for litters and couches had to be hastily constructed for the sick and feeble. Here, again, chariots and wagons were still being loaded, and husbands had no small trouble with their wives, for it is always hard to forfeit a possession, be it great or small, and a woman's heart often clings more fondly to some worthless trifle than to the most precious object she owns. When Rebecca was eager to carry away the roughly-made cradle in which her infant died rather than the beautiful ebony chess inlaid with ivory which her husband had taken in pledge from an Egyptian who could blame her? Lights shone from every window and tent door, and torches or lanterns blazed from the roofs of all the better dwellings to welcome the coming host.

At the feast which had been held on the night of the harvest festival not a table had racked its lamb roast with fire, but in this hour of waiting the housewives again offered such food as they had ready.

The narrow street of the little town was alive with stir; the waning stars had never before looked down on such joyful faces, such bright and eager eyes, such beaming looks of hope and happy faith.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN morning dawned all those who had not already gone forth to greet the wanderers, were gathered on the roof of one of the largest houses in Succoth, where the coming Hebrews were to make their first long halt.

Hurrying on before them fleet-footed men and boys, one after another, arrived in the town. Aminadab's house was their goal. It consisted of two buildings, one of which was inhabited by Nahshon, the son of the owner, and his family. In the other and larger part, besides the master of the house and his wife, his son-in-law, Aaron, dwelt with his wife, children and grand-children, and also Miriam.

The old man, a prince of a tribe, who had given over the duties connected with his position to his son Nahshon, stretched out his trembling hands toward each messenger, and listened to his story with sparkling eyes that were nearly blinded by tears. He had persuaded his old wife to sit in the armchair in which she was to be carried after their people, so that she might become accustomed to it, and for the same reason he was reclining in his.

When the old woman heard the messengers announce that the glorious future that had been promised the people was now within reach, her eyes sought her husband's and she cried: "Aye through Moses!" For she held the brother of her daughter's husband in high esteem and it pleased her to see his prophecies fulfilled. She looked also with pride on Aaron, her son-in-law; but above all she loved Eleazar, her grandson, in whom she looked forward to the development of a second Moses. She had found Miriam, after the death of her parents, a very welcome house companion. But the warm-hearted old folks' affection for the grave young maid never grew to parental tenderness, and Elisheba, Aaron's busy wife would not share the cares of the great household with her. Her old friend her son Nahshon's wife need her help, for she, indeed, lived with her nearest of kin under own roof. But the old people were grateful to Miriam for her care of their grandchild, Milcah, the daughter of Aaron and Elisheba, whom a great misfortune had changed from a happy child into a melancholy woman, for whom all joy was dead. A few days after her marriage with a beloved husband he had allowed himself, in a fit of wrath, to lift his hand against an Egyptian taxgatherer, who, when Pharaoh was passing eastward by Succoth, wanted to drive off a large herd of his finest oxen for the kitchen of the lord of two worlds. In consequence of this redress the unfortunate man had been taken as a state prisoner to work in the mines, and it was well known that the convicts there must perish, body and soul, of torturing overwork. Through the influence of Nun, Joshua's father, the prisoner's wife and household were spared from sharing this punishment. She, however, pined away more and more, and the only one who understood the way to rouse the pale, silent wife from her brooding was Miriam. To her had the deserted woman attached herself, and she followed Miriam where she practiced the medical knowledge that she had learned, and carried remedies and alms into the huts of the poor.

The last messengers, whom Aminadab and his wife received on their roof, painted in dark colors the pain and misery of the wandering of, which he had been a witness, but when a soft-hearted creature among them wept aloud at the great sufferings the women and children had undergone during the gale from the desert, and gloomily foretold for the future horrors more dire than those he recalled or remembered, the old man spoke words of comfort to him, reminding him of the almighty power of God, and of the force of habit, which would also help them. His wrinkled face expressed sincere hope, whereas in Miriam's beautiful but stern features there was little expression of the religious trust of which words usually has more than age.

While the messengers came and came she did not stir from the side of the old people, and left it to her sister-in-law, Elisheba, and her serving maids to give refreshments to the fatigued wanderers. She listened to them intently and with deep-drawn breath, though it appeared to her that all she learned forebade trouble. At last only those who were closely attached to her brothers, the leaders of the people, would have found their way into the house that sheltered Aaron.

Now and then she would ask a question, as well as the old man, and as she spoke the messengers, who heard her voice for the first time, looked up at her in surprise, for it was indeed sweet, though singularly deep.

After several runners had assured her, in answer to her inquiry, that Joshua, the son of Nun, had not come with the others, she asked no more, until pale Milcah, who followed her everywhere, cast a beseeching look from her black eyes and whispered "Reuben," the name of her imprisoned husband. The young girl kissed the lonely child and looked at her as though she had neglected something and asked the messengers with pressing eagerness if they had heard anything of Reuben, who had been carried away to the mines. But only one had heard from a released criminal that Milcah's husband was alive in the copper mines in the district of Beek, near Mt. Sinai. The news encouraged the young prophetess to assure Milcah with vivid warmth that when the people should march eastward they would certainly go to the mines to release the captive Hebrews who were there.

These were good words, and Milcah, who was leaning on the breast of her comforter, would gladly have heard more, but those who were looking out into the distance from the housetop now in great excitement. From the north came a great cloud, and directly after a wonderful muttering, then a loud roar, and lastly a thousand-voiced cry and shout, with bellowing, neighing and bleating, such as had never been heard before—and the multitudinous and many-voiced mass of men and herds came rolling along in that interminable stream which the astrologer Shamuhon, when watching from the temple at Tanis, had taken for the serpent from the nether world.

Even now, by the light of dawn, it was easy to mistake it for an army of disembodied spirits driven from the stronghold of the dead; for a pale gray column of dust rending to the blue heaven swept before them, and no single figure could be distinguished, among the immense swarming, noisy throng which was enveloped in the cloud. Every now and again the sunbeams caught the metal point of a lance or of a brass vessel with a bright gleam, and the loud shout of one voice could be heard above the others.

Now and then great waters of the stream had reached Aminadab's court yard, in front of which lay a vast tract of pasture lands.

Commands rang out, and the multitude halted and parted like a mountain lake which, flooded in spring, overflows in brooks and tiny rills, and, taking possession of the broad, level pasture land, now veiled with morning dew, the procession of men and beasts settled down to rest, and there the veil of dust that had hid lieu them presently vanished.

The road remained for some time wrapped in the cloud, but in the meadows men, women and children were to be seen in the blaze of the rising sun, with oxen and asses, sheep and goats, and in a little while tents after tents was erected in the fields round Aminadab's and Nahshon's houses. The cattle were penned in with hurdles; poles and stakes were driven into the hard ground, awnings spread, cows fettered, herds of oxen and sheep driven to water and fires lighted. Long files of women, carrying jars on their heads, which they balanced with easily and beautifully-curved arms, passed by to the well behind the old sycamore, or the bank of the nearest canal.

To-day, as on every other work day, a humped ox turned the water wheel. It irrigated the land that the owner of the oxen must leave on the morrow; but the slave that drove it thought not of the morrow, and, as no one hindered him, worked on in the stolid way he was used to, watering the grass for the enemy into whose hands it would fall.

It was a good hour before the wandering crowd had all reached the camp, and Miriam, as she described to Aminadab—whose eyes were no longer strong enough to see at a distence—what was going on down below, beheld many a sight from which she would gladly have turned away her eyes.

She dared not tell the old man openly all she saw, for it would have destroyed his glad hopefulness.

She, who trusted with the whole ardor of an inspired soul in the God of her fathers, had shared till yesterday the confidence of the old man, although the Lord had certainly granted her the fatal gift of seeing things and hearing words no one else could comprehend. This generally took place in her dreams, but also in lonely hours when she fixed her mind in meditation on the past and future.

The message from the Most High which Ephraim had carried to Joshua in her name had come to her from invisible lips as she sat under the sycamore, thinking of the exodus, and of the man she had loved from her childhood; and this very morning, between midnight and dawn, as she lay under the venerable tree, overpowered by fatigue, it seemed to her that she had again heard the same voice. The words had vanished from her mind as she woke, but she knew that they had been sad and ominous.

Vague as the warning had been, it still haunted her painfully, and the cry which came up from the plain was certainly a shout of joy at having happily reached their brethren and the first stage of their wanderings, as the old man at her side believed; nay, it was the angry cry of fierce, ungoverned men wrangling and fighting for a pleasant spot in the meadow whereon to pitch their tents or for a good watering place for their beasts by the well or on the banks of the rivulets.

Rage, disappointment and despair were heard in that cry; and presently, looking round for the spot whence it rose the loudest, she beheld a woman's corpse borne along by some bondsmen on a sheet of tent cloth, and a pale babe, touched by the finger of death, which its father, a wild-looking fellow, carried in one arm, while he shook his clenched left hand, which was free, with threatening gestures in the direction of her brothers.

And in a moment she saw an old man, bent with hard labor, lift up his hand against Moses, whom he would have struck to the ground if others had not dragged him away.

She could no longer bear to stay on the roof. Pale and panting she flew out to the camp. Micah followed her closely, and wherever they met people belonging to Succoth they were greeted with respect. The people of Zoan, and those of Pha-gos, whom they met in the way, did not know Miriam; still, the prophetess' tall figure and noble bearing made them move aside for her, or reply to her questions.

Then she heard terrible and evil tidings, for the multitude which had set forth so joyfully on the first day had crept along in dejection and woe on the second. The body would have broken the spirit and strength of many who had started in high health, and other sick folks beside the bondsman's wife and infant had fallen sick of fever from the choking dust and scorching heat, and the speaker pointed to a procession making its way to the Hebrew burying place of Succoth. Nor were those who were being borne to the rest whence there is no return wonderful men and children only, or such as their kindred had brought away sick rather than leave them behind; but likewise men, who only yesterday had been strong, and who had either sunk under too heavy a burden, or had heedlessly exposed themselves to the sun's rays as they drove their herds onward.

In one tent Miriam found a young mother, who lay trembling with fever, and she bade Milcah go fetch her ease of medicines. The forlorn wife gladly and quickly departed on the errand. On her way she stopped many a passer-by to inquire timidly for her captive husband, but she could get no news of him. Miriam, however, learned from Nun, Joshua's father, that Ehab, the freedman he had left behind, had sent him word that his son was ready to follow his people. She also heard that Caleb, Jephthah had been hurt and had found shelter in Joshua's tent.

Was the lad seriously ill, or what could it be that detained his uncle in Tanis? The question filled Miriam's heart with fresh anxiety, yet she dispensed help and comfort wherever it was possible with unflagging energy.

Old Nun's hearty greeting had cheered her, but no more stalwart, kind, or more lovable old man could be imagined. The mere sight of his noble head, with its thick, snow-white hair and beard, and the bright eyes which sparkled with youthful fire in the handsome face, had done her good, and when he expressed his joy at seeing her once more in his vivid and winning manner, pressing both his hand and kissing her brow, she told him that she had bidden his son, in the name of the Lord, henceforth to bear the name of Joshua, and had called upon him to be reunited to his people and to be the captain of their host. Then she felt, indeed, as though she had found a father in the place of him she had lost, and applied herself with renewed vigor to the pitiful duties which called her from every side.

Nor was it a small effort to the lofty-minded maiden to devote herself with loving kindness to her fellow creatures, whose wild and coarse demeanor pained her soul. The women, indeed, were glad of help, but to the men, who had grown up under the overseer's whip, modesty and consideration were unknown, their minds were as savage as their manners. As soon as they knew who she was they reviled her because her brother had tempted them forth to leave endurable woe and rush to a fearful fate; and as she heard their curses and blaspheming and saw the fierce black eyes that glittered in those bony faces, all hung about with rough, curling black hair and beard, her heart shrank within her. And yet she was able to control her fear and aversion; her pulses throbbed and she was prepared for the God of their fathers and His promises, though womanly weakness prompted her to flee.

Now, indeed, she understood what she had, warning voice forbidden when she had stood under the sycamore, and as she stood by the bed of a young mother sick unto death she lifted up her hands and heart to the Most High and made a vow that she would dedicate all her powers to fight against the faint hearted want of faith and the wild insubordination which threatened to bring her people into great straits. The Lord Almighty had promised them a fair land, and she should punished pride of a few erring ones should not cheat them of it. And God himself could hardly be wroth with a race which was content so long as the bodies were supplied with the food they needed, and which had endured scorn and blows as unresistingly as cattle. The multitude did not yet understand that they must live through the night of their present misery to be worthy of the day which awaited them.

Her medicines seemed to relieve the sick woman, and she quitted the tent in revived spirits to seek her brothers.

In the camp matters were no better, and again she witnessed many scenes which shocked her soul and made her regret that she had brought with her the tenderhearted Micah.

Certain evilmers among the bondsmen, who had laid hands on the cattle and goods of others, had been caught and tied up to a palm tree; and the ravens which had followed the tribes, and had found ample food by the way, were already croaking greedily round the hastily contrived gallows tree.

None knew who was judge or executioner of the sentence; but the owners who were assisting in the deed thought themselves fully justified and gloried in it. With hasty steps and averted head, Miriam drew the trembling Micah away and, pleased that the change of her uncle, Nahshon, to be conducted home. Nahshon was just parting from the man who shared with him the rank of prince of the tribe of Judah. This was that same Hur who had won the first victory against the Egyptians, the head of the shepherds, and he now led the maiden with happy pride toward a man and a youth—his son and grandson. They had both been in the service of the Egyptians, and at Memphis had worked as goldsmiths and glass founders to Phara h. The elder, by reason of his skill, had received the name of Uri, or the Great; and the son of his father, Hur's grandson, Bezaleel, was soon to be more gifted even than his father, though as yet hardly more than a youth.

Hur gazed at his child and grandchild with justifiable pride, for although they had both been brought up among the Egptians they had followed without demur at their father's bidding, leaving behind them much to which their hearts clung, and which bound them to Memphis and join the wandering people and share their unexampled fate.

Miriam warmly greeted the newcomers, and the men before her, representatives of three generations, afforded a picture on which no a mily eye could fail to rest with pleasure. The grandfather was nigh on threescore, but, although there was much silver mingled with his ebony black hair, he still held himself as straight as a young man, and his thin, sharply cut features revealed an unbending determination, which sufficiently accounted for the readiness with which his son and grandson had obeyed his call, Uri, too, was a well-grown man, and Bezaleel a lad in whom it could be seen that he had made good use of his 15 years, and could already stand firmly on his own feet. His artist's eye sparkled with a peculiar light, and when presently he and his father took leave of Miriam to pay their respects to Caleb, their grandfather and greatgrandfather, she heartily congratulated Hur, her brother's truest friend, on having such descendants to keep up the noble race.

AARON and Eleazar in stirring words had reminded the murmuring, disheartened people of the might and promises of God. Those who had stretched themselves out quietly to rest, after being refreshed by drink and food, found their lost confidence revived. The freed bondsmen remembered the cruel slavery and degrading blows from which they had escaped, acknowledging, as the others did, that it was by God's providence that Pharaoh was not pursuing them. The rich supplies, which was still being distributed from the plundered storehouse, contributed not a little to reanimate their courage, and the serfs and lepers—for they, for the most part, had marched forth also, and were resting outside the camp—in fact all those for whose maintenance Pharaoh had provided, knew that for some time they were secure from need and want. Nevertheless there was no lack of discontented spirits, and now and then, without any one knowing who had started the question, it was asked if it would not be wise to turn back and trust to Pharaoh's forgiveness. Those who uttered it did so secretly, and had often to take a sharp or threatening answer.

Miriam had come out to meet her brothers and shared their anxiety. How quickly had the spirit of the people been broken in this short march by the hot desert wind! How discontented, how distrustful, how hostile they had shown themselves at the very first adversity! How unbridled in following their own wild impulses!

When they had been called together for prayer on the way, a short time before sunrise, some had turned toward the sun as it rose in the East, some had pulled out images of the gods which they had brought with them, and others again had fixed their eyes on the acacia trees by the road, which were regarded as sacred in many of the provinces of the Nile. What, indeed, could they know of the God who had commanded them to leave so much behind them and to carry such burdens? Many of them were even now quite disheartened, and as yet they had faced no real danger, for Moses had purposed to lead his people by the direct road to the land of promise, through the land of Palestine, but their demeaner forced him to give up this place and to think of another.

In order to reach the highway which connected Asia and Africa, it was necessary to pass over the isthmus which divides the sea rather than it unites the two continents; but it was well defended from invaders, and the way was secure from fugitives, partly by natural and partly by artificial obstacles. A succession of deep lakes broke the level land, and of these did not check the wanderers' march, strong fortifications towered up, in which large Egyptian troops ready to fight.

A Kenite, named Jethro, whose tents called it, Etham, was the name of this range of forts, and the nearest and strongest could be reached in a few hours by the tribes who were marching from Succoth.

With the people full of the spirit of their God, inspired and prepared for the worst, freed from their chains and rejoicing in their newly gained liberty, rushing along toward the Promised Land, Moses and the other leaders with him were infinitely safer than if he had forced by bursting through dams and sluices they should annihilate and destroy all who came in their way. With this inspired throng, whose bold advance might deliver the highest triumphs, and to whom cowardly retreat could have meant nothing but death and destruction, they had expected to overthrow the works of the Etham frontier like a pile of brushwood. But now that a few short hours of weariness and suffering had quenched the fire in their souls, now that on every side could be seen for every happy elated man, two indifferent and five discontented or frightened, the storming of the fortified lines was out of the question, for much blood and would have risked all that they had already gained.

The conquest of the little garrison in the storehouse at Pithom happened under such favorable circumstances as they could not expect to occur again, and so the original plan had to be altered and an attempt made to get round the fortress. Instead of marching northeast the people turned toward the south.

These things were discussed under the sycamore tree in front of Aminadab's house, and Miriam listened, a mute witness.

When the men held council, the women, and she also, had to be silent, but she found it hard to hold her peace when they came to the conclusion that they must avoid attacking the forts, even if Joshua, the man skilled in war and chosen by the Lord Himself to be the sword of Jehovah, should return.

"Of what avail is the bravest leader when there is no army to obey him?" cried Nahshon, the son of Aminadab, and the rest had been of his opinion.

When at length the assembled elders parted, Moses took leave of his sister with brotherly tenderness. She knew that he had it in his mind to go forth into fresh dangers, and in the modest way she always used when she ventured to speak to the man who, in body and mind, was so far above all others, she told him of her fears. He looked her in the face with kindly reproof, and with his right hand pointed to heaven. She understood him, and kissed his hand with kindly warmth, saying: "Then art under the shield of the Most High, and I fear no longer."

He pressed his lips to her brow, and taking her tablets from her, wrote on them a few words, and cast them into the hollow stem of the sycamore.

"For Hosea—nay, for Joshua," said he, "if he should come while I am absent. The Lord hath great things for him to do when he shall have learned to trust in Him rather in the mighty ones of the earth."

He quitted her, but Aaron, who, as being the elder, was the head of the family, remained with Miriam and told her that no worthy man had asked for her to wife; she turned pale and answered: "I know it."

He looked her in the face much surprised, and went on in a tone of grave warning:

"It must be as well that it should be well that you should reflect that your heart belongs to God and to your people; the man whom you marry must be as ready as yourself to serve them both, for two become one when they are wed, and as the neighborhood of one's self to the other they are no more one, but two. The voice of the senses which called them together is presently silent, and what remains is a gulf between them."

With these words he left her, and she, too, turned to quit the assembly, for perhaps now, on the eve of their departing, she might be needed in the house of which she was an inmate; but a new incident arose to keep her by the sycamore, as if she were bound and fettered to it.

What could the packing matter, and the care for perishable treasure and worldly goods, when questions were discussed which involved her whole soul. There was Elisheba, Nahshen's wife, and any housewife or slave woman could do the home work; here there were other matters to decide, the weal or woe of the nation.

Certain men of the better sort from among the people had by this time joined themselves to the elders under the sycamore, but Hur had departed with Moses.

Now Uri, the son of Hur, came into the group. He, as a metal worker, but just come from Egypt, had at Memphis had dealings with many about the court, and he had heard that Pharaoh believed the God of the Hebrews of their heaviest burdens and to grant them new privileges, if only Moses would entreat the God he served to be favorable to Pharaoh, and pray to Him to withdraw His great hand, undertaking for which he, more than any one, had staked and sacrificed his all, was imperiled. It was too much for the vehement old man, and it was with a flashing eye and threatening fists that he exclaimed:

"What words are these? Shall we relinit the ends of the cord which the Lord our God hath cut? Are we to tie it, do you say, with a knot so loose that it will hold just so long as the present danger? Is Moses a deceiver, who has broken his word to Moses and to us a score of times? Would you have us return into the cage from which the Almighty hath released us like unfaithful birds? Are we to plead before the Lord our God as false debtors? Shall we take the false gold which is offered us rather than the royal treasure which He hath promised us? Oh, man! You who have come from the Egyptians! I would I could!"

And the fierce old man shook his fist; but before he had spoken the threat which was on his lips he ceased and his arm fell, for Gabriel, the elder of the tribe of Zebulon, called out:

"Is there no other way to go than this? Is there any one among you who is still content to dwell among the enemies of Israel?"

The blow had told; but it was only for a moment that the fiery patriarch's high spirit was quelled. Above the hubbub of voices which rose in disapproval of Gabriel's malice, and the lesser number who took part with him, Nun's was heard: "It is by reason of the fact that, as I believed in the Lord, I have betrothed none of mine which I have left behind, I may perchance, have also to sacrifice my noble son in obedience to the word of the Lord, that I have the right to speak my mind." His broad brow flushed more powerfully as he spoke, and now his eyes, beneath their thick, white brows, fell with a milder gleam on the son of Hur, who had turned pale under the bitterness of the taunt, and to whom among her kindred might have an end—this useless life under the roof which she must call her home, although she had never felt at home there!

Moses and Aaron, her brothers, had departed, and had taken with them Hur's grandson, and she who lived and b eathed only for her people and their well-being, had not been found worthy to be told more particularly whither they were faring, or to wh m God's will had the Almighty, to whom she had devoted herself, body and soul, given her the spirit and mind of a man in the form of a woman?

She could not bear to see her other, of all this circle of kind hearts, her kith and kin, there was not one to love her, listening to the chatter of old and young who surrounded her; but Eleazar's children gathered about their grandparents, and she had never had the art of attracting the little ones. Dame Elisheba was directing the slaves who were putting the finishing touches to the baggage. Milcah sat with a cat in her lap, gazing into vacancy, and the bigger lads were out of doors. No one noticed her or spoke to her.

Bitter sorrow fell upon her. After eating her supper with the others, making a great effort not to cast the gloom of her own dark mood over that of the happiness of the children, who looked forward with great glee to their departing, she felt she must get out into the free air.

Veiling her face closely, she crossed the camp alone. But the scenes she saw there were ill-fitted to lift the burden that weighed upon her. It was still astir, and although here and there pious songs rang out, full of triumph and hope, there were more quarreling, fighting, and rebellious uproar. Whenever threats or revilings against her great brothers met her ear she hastened forward, but she could not run away from her anxiety as to what might happen at sunrise, when the people were to set forth, if the malcontents gained the upper hand. She knew that the multitude must necessarily more onward; still she had never been able to subdue her fears of Pharaoh's mighty army. It was personified to her in Joshua's heroic form. If the Lord of Hosts himself were not with the ranks of these wretched bondsmen and shepherds who were squabbling and fighting all about her, how should they be able to stand against the tried and well-armed troops of Egypt, with their chariots and horses?

She had heard that men had been placed on guard at every part of the camp and ordered to blow a blast on a horn or drum on a metal plate in the event of the enemy's approach till the Hebrews should have come together at the spot where the alarm should be first sounded.

She stood for some time listening for some such call, but yet more eagerly for the hoofs of a solitary horse, the firm tread and the deep voice of the warrior for whom she longed.

Looking for him she made her way to the northern side of the camp next the road to Tanis, where, too, by Moses's order the larger portion of the fighting men had pitched their tents. Here she had hoped to find nothing but confidence, but as she listened to the talk of the men-at-arms, who sat in large parties round the watch-fires, she shuddered to hear that counsel had been given even to them. Many of them were husbands and fathers, had left a house or a plot of land, a business or an office, and although many spoke of the commands of the Lord with the deepest reverence when she had again mingled with the crowd, and assured herself that Joshua was not yet come, as it was now dusk she went up to the roof, there to sit with the others.

None seemed to have missed her, not even poor, forlorn Milcah, and she felt herself alone indeed in this house. If Joshua might but come, if only she might find a strong breast on which to lean! If she might be sitting at supper among her kindred might have an end—this useless life under the roof which she must call her home, although she had never felt at home there!

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TO BE CONTINUED.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Milky Eyes in Colt.

S. F. B., Good Intent, Kansas: The milkiness in the eyes of your colt does not result from wolf teeth. Modern practitioners do not countenance the idea of injury to the eyes from wolf teeth. Wolf teeth are of first dentition, and are natural to all horses, making their appearance between the first and fifth year. In cases where the eyes are suppurated, caused by these teeth, it is only necessary to treat the eyes for inflammation, and let the teeth remain. If the first teeth seem to exhibit firmness when the permanent teeth are developing, the former may be removed without harm to the animal. That which is known as periodic opthalmia is indicated in your two-year-old colt. This is a constitutional, malarial or rheumatic complaint, and frequently terminates in blindness. To treat this affliction, the first step would be to give the animal clean bedding every day, and see to it that no urine is left in the stall. From this ammonia arises, and is injurious to the eye. Hay should not be placed where he must reach up to get it, as small particles falling from it irritate the eye. Give a pint of raw linseed oil, and after that feed bran mashes twice a day until the bowels are open, then take of pulverized colchium ¾ oz.; saltpeter 1 oz.; make into 12 powders and give one night and morning on the tongue. Use as an injection, ¾ oz. belladona extract, mixed with half a pint of water. It may be necessary to repeat the above after two weeks. If costiveness occurs at any time, give bran mashes until the bowels become regular.

Condition Powders.

F. C. A., Forest Hill, Ill.: Several recipes for condition powders have been given in THE BLADE FARM. Too much care cannot be exercised in feeding them. Many people give them when a horse is healthy and does not need them. Then they are injurious. A condition powder must be used in which a certain quantity of saltpeter, cream of tartar, of each 2 ozs.; raisin, black antimony, of each 1 oz.; ginger, licorice, 3 ozs. each; cayenne, 1 oz. Pulverize and mix thoroughly. Dose, a tablespoonful once or twice a day, in feed. This is good for coughs, hidebound and in other cases where condition powders are given. A powder called the "Arabian Condition Powder," said to be equal to the best, is: Ground ginger, ¼ lb.; sulphuret of antimony, ¼ lb.; powdered sulphur, ¼ lb. Mix and administer in a mash a tablespoonful once a day.

Cow Out of Condition.

H. W. L., Suffield, O.: Give your cow 12 ozs. epsom salts, 1 oz. ginger, 1 oz. gentian, 1 oz. saltpetre, 1 cupful of molasses stirred in a qt. of warm water. After this operation take of sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 drachm, and give her this amount daily in dry food or a drench, for a week. Take a curry comb and curry her thoroughly. Keep her in a clean stall with good bedding, taking care that urine is not allowed to accumulate. The nux vomica will tend to regulate the incontinence of urine. Feed the cow at regular periods on good food.

Pigs Weak in Back—Chickens Lop Over One Side and are Helpless.

M. A. M., Sioux City, Iowa: You do not say how old your pigs are. If they are sucking constitution must be directed to the sow. Give her 1 lb. of linseed meal, mixed with bran and shorts, and feed a tablespoonful of Epsom salts every other day until two doses are given. Feed her on ground oats and wheat for eight or ten days, and put in feed once a day, sulphur a teaspoonful, charcoal a tablespoonful, for a week. Put coal ashes in the pen in which the pigs may root. If the pigs have been weaned, give to each a small piece of lard or a teaspoonful of turpentine and reduce their feed. Overfeeding is a source of weak back in pigs. Keep them in a warm, clean pen, and let them have coal ashes to root in. Weak back results from too much inbreeding, as well as other causes.

Have you closely examined your chickens for lice? Lice will keep chickens poor, no matter how well they are fed. If they are found on your chickens, clean up the house thoroughly. Take away all the straw in nests and elsewhere, and put in a new supply. Sprinkle a little Scotch snuff in the nests, and also sprinkle in under the feathers along the back from neck to tail. Grease their heads with fresh lard, and rub a very little under the wings. If we knew what you feed your chickens (if no lice are found) we could tell you better what to do. Give each fowl a reasonable amount of soft feed, made doughy, not sloppy, plenty

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The President made the following appointments on Nov. 18:

William M. Robertson, of Nebraska, to be Register of the Land office at Neligh, Neb.; John C. A. Braden, of South Dakota, to be register of the Land office at Aberdeen, S. D.; Clarence E. Hagar, of Colorado, to be receiver of Public Moneys at Denver, Col.; Charles J. McLeod, of South Dakota, to be receiver of Public Moneys at Aberdeen, S. D.; George V. Avery, of South Dakota, to be receiver of Public Moneys at Rapid City, S. D.; Horace Scudder, of Beatrice, to be confidential secretary to the commissioner of the General Land office.

Attorney General Miller on the 14th appointed Henry Hooper assistant United States district attorney for Southern Ohio, vice Harlan Cleveland, resigned.

The President made the following appointments on November 19:

Alonzo J. Edgerton, of South Dakota, to be United States district judge for the district of South Dakota; Willis Sweet, of Idaho, to be associate justice of the Supreme court of the territory of Idaho; Wm. B. Sterling, of South Dakota, to be attorney of the United States for the district of South Dakota.

GEN. SCHOFIELD.

His Annual Report to the Secretary of War.

The annual report of Maj.-Gen. Schofield, commanding the army, to the secretary of War, was made public on November 10. He pays especial attention to the desertion question. He says: "The causes of discontent which lead to desertion from the army are numerous. They have been sought for diligently for years, and many of them have been removed. Some of them are probably not within the reach of any remedy. Of these the naturally discontented disposition of the men who are led by that feeling alone to seek change from the monotony of bread winning in any civil pursuit, by the supposed less arduous duties of the United States. When such men find that soldiers, no less than civilians, must work, their feelings of discontent returns, and they resort to the only means by which they can make another change.

"These men rarely desert when engaged in an active campaign, however great the hardships and privation or severe the discipline may be. It is the ordinary labor and routine of military duties which inspire them with discontent. These causes of desertion cannot be removed.

"The troops can not be kept constantly in active military campaign, nor can they be exempted from the monotony of routine duties and labor. The government can not employ hired laborers to do the work which the troops have time to do for themselves.

"It would seem that some kind of probationary system might be devised by which the unfit element among recruits could be eliminated without resort to the crime of desertion. It does not seem necessary that men be required in time of peace to bind themselves absolutely to serve five years.

"A sufficient remedy may perhaps be found in the case of all worthy men who find, after a few months' trial, that they have mistaken their calling, by a more liberal exercise of the power to discharge soldiers upon their own application than has ever heretofore prevailed.

"Great care in the recruiting service, to prevent the enlistment of men of bad character and habits, may be found practicable. Measures having these ends in view have already been instituted. Also greater care in the treatment of recruits by officers and non-commissioned officers.

"The records of desertion from different organizations leave no room for doubt of the fact that the character of the commanding officer has much to do with the extent of this evil. In some few instances it appears that captains are in the habit of leaving the care and discipline of their men to the first sergeant and other non-commissioned officers, with little or no constant supervision and control which the captain should exercise. In all such cases the captain should be promptly removed from the command which he so seriously neglects.

"After all possible has been done to remove reasonable excuses for desertion it still remains true that the means now provided for the arrest and punishment of deserters are wholly inadequate. Only one in five is ever captured. This is not sufficient to deter men from committing crime.

"The remedy is to authorize civil officers to arrest deserters, and increase the reward so as to compensate them for their service. There is no need to increase the penalty for desertion, but to make some penalty at least probable, which it is not now."

AMERICAN CATTLE.

German Butchers Do Not Like Their Actions.

Commercial Agent Smith, at Mayence, Germany reports to the State department that the prevalence of high prices for meat in Germany has caused a firm of butchers in Mayence to try the experiment of importing live oxen from the United States, and that arrangements have been made for the shipment from Illinois to Germany of 900 head of fat oxen within a period of two months.

He is informed that this is the first time that live oxen from the United States, all ready for slaughter, have been imported into Germany. The first lot of cattle arrived the week preceding Mr. Smith's report, and their appearance seems to have raised apprehensive fears in the minds of German butchers, who were accustomed to the tame, submissive cattle of Europe, and not to the fierce, intractable animals of our Western country.

The German butchers, Mr. Smith continues, like, before buying, to punch the cattle in the ribs, to scrutinize them closely and lead them by a rope. All this the American oxen strongly resent. The importers have been disconcerted by the discovery and fears are entertained that the sale of the oxen will be considerably prejudiced thereby.

The animals are sold at a price 10 to 15 per cent less than the German cattle, notwithstanding that according to the importer's statement it costs $50 for transportation and $7.50 for customs duty for each animal imported.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The Ceremonies Conducted During a Pouring Rain.

The dedication of the Catholic university of America, at Washington, on Nov. 13, like the laying of the corner stone of the building, took place in a pouring rain.

The ceremonies began at 10:30 o'clock with a short address by Cardinal Gibbons. This was followed by a chant by 250 students of St. Mary's seminary and St. Charles college of Baltimore.

The building was then blessed by Cardinal Gibbons, while the choir chanted the Miserere. At 11 o'clock pontifical mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the university chapel by the Most Rev. Monsignor Satolli, archbishop. The music of the mass was sung by a picked choir of male voices. Right Rev. R. Gilmour, bishop of Cleveland, preached the sermon.

Not at All Disturbed.

Postmaster General Wanamaker does not seem to be very much disturbed over the letter which was sent him by Senator Wade Hamton. He was seen by THE BLADE correspondent, and in response to the request for an explanation, or a statement, said:

"I do not intend to raise the question of veracity between the honorable Senator and myself and then discuss it in the public press. No commission has been issued for the postoffice referred to (Columbia), and the Senator has been notified that I will be glad to hear anything he wishes to present regarding the appointment of the postmaster.

"Although it is stated that Columbia is now the senator's home, I do not intend to lose my temper over the case, but shall try to do the business for the postoffice, for Democrats as well as Republicans, at the old stand."

Favor Mrs. Goodloe.

The case of Mrs. Goodloe was laid before the President on November 18. Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson explained the situation and urged the appointment of Mrs. Goodloe as collector of the Lexington district. Her friends here are numerous and influential, and there is no limit to the earnest and valuable support which can be secured in favor of the appointment. There is a general expectation as well as a sincere hope, that the President will commission Mrs. Goodloe.

The New Torpedo.

Secretary Tracy, on November 14 appointed a board of officers to supervise the test of a controllable automobile torpedo under the terms proposed by Secretary Whitney last winter. The torpedo is contained in a part of a device, which is driven through the water by a carbonic acid gas engine and its movements controlled by electricity from the ship from which it is started. The torpedo is to be exploded by electricity, also.

DOWN TO WORK.

The Pan-American Congress Called to Order.

The Pan-American delegates got down to business on November 19, and asked for the following committees:

1. An executive committee of five members to receive and record nominations of vice presidents from the several delegations; to designate the officer who shall preside in the absence of the president; to superintend the publication of the protocols and reports of the proceedings, and to provide generally for the conduct of business.

2. A committee on customs union, composed of five members, to consider and report a basis for an American customs union and the advisability of a division of the subject into sections, according to the geographical situation of the countries represented in the conference, and the similarity of interests involved.

3, 4 and 5. Three committees of five members each to consider and report upon the best means of extending and improving the facilities for the transportation and postal and telegraphic communication between the several countries represented on that border on the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, respectively.

6. A committee of five members to consider and report on the subject of railway communication between the several countries represented.

7. A committee on customs regulations, composed of five members, to consider and report upon the best method of improving and simplifying customs regulations in the several ports of the countries represented.

8. A committee to be charged in the importation and exportation of merchandise.

B. Classification, examination and valuation of merchandise.

C. Modes of imposing and collecting fines and penalties for the violation of the customs and harbor regulations.

8. A committee of five to consider and report upon the best method of securing uniformity of light-house, pilot and other harbor rules.

9. A committee of three to consider and report upon the adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures.

10. A committee of seven to consider and report upon the best method of establishing and maintaining sanitary regulations in commerce between the several countries represented.

11. A committee of three to report upon the best method of protecting patents, publications, trade marks and right in commerce between the countries represented.

12. A committee on extradition, composed of three members, to consider and report upon the establishment of a general convention between the countries represented.

13. A committee on monetary convention, consisting of seven members, to report the basis of a monetary convention between the countries represented in the conference.

14. A committee on banking, to consist of five members, to report a method of improving and extending the banking facilities and credit system between the countries represented.

15. A committee on international law, to consist of five members, to report uniform rules of private international law affecting civil and commercial matters and the legalization of documents.

16. A committee on general welfare, to consist of seven members, to report some plan of arbitration for the settlement of disagreements that may hereafter arise between the several nations represented in the conference and to receive, consider and report upon any other topics that may be proposed other than those included in the invitation from the government of the United States.

The preliminary work has all been done now and the questions of interest to the several countries will be discussed.

PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Senator Frye Talks on The Purposes of The Congress.

Senator Frye was the originator and framer of the bill making the appropriation for the Pan-American congress. The subject has been talked of in the state department for years, but he put it into the form of a bill. He says there is a misconception of the purpose of the congress. He says: "The meeting of the delegates is nothing of this sort, but as they can only be advisory the direct action of the congress was not the thing I had in mind. It was the indirect result. A country without an extensive maritime trade or a navy is seldom respected by other nations. The United States has been particularly unfortunate in this direction. In many of the principal ports of South America we have not ten of our flags a year, while the English, French and German nations sail in and out to the number of 300 or 400 annually. I recognized, as every other person must, that this country was rapidly falling in the esteem of South American republics. Chilians, for instance, really believe and boast that if they were to declare war the labor of this government, conveyed by the cruiser Riachuelo and the gunboat Parnahyba, bound for Lisbon. Dom Pedro and his family are going to perpetual exile, their absence from the country being regarded by the leaders of the Republic as essential to the peace and welfare of the new government.

The new flag of the United States of Brazil, which takes the place of the imperial emblem with its crown and coffee leaf, is composed of green and gold stripes, with a blue field, on which are emblazoned nineteen stars.

Not a life has been lost by the revolution, which has overturned the empire, and the only violence attempted was the shooting of the imperial minister of marine; but his wound is not fatal, and he is now recovering.

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The wrongs done by the ministry of Dom Pedro will be righted by the new cabinet, which is composed of men who have the confidence of the people.

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The new government has announced that it will firmly maintain order. It is preparing a circular to foreign governments relative to the overthrow of the empire, which will be telegraphed to them through the Brazilian representative abroad. The province of Bahia has signified its adherence to the republic. News from the other provinces shows that they are also in favor of a republican form of government.

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They are described as being in as savage a state as when Christopher Columbus landed on this continent, 400 years ago. Mr. Kerr says they did not know of God or a Savior, and their ceremony of marriage is worth relating. The ceremony is performed by the two parties being placed in a crawl on the edge of the sea at night, and water being dashed over them like a whole night. The next morning they are conducted home and a feast is given. This ends the ceremony.

The Indians were friendly and provided Mr. Kerr and his party with fruit. They informed him that no stranger would be allowed to take up his residence among them. They inhabit a magnificent part of Colombia, within a short distance of Colon. Although they are under the protection of the flag and laws of Colombia, they contribute nothing towards the support of the republic or its people.

Archduke John, of Austria, Attracting Attention.

If Herr Johann Orth, erstwhile Archduke John, of Austria, could manage to accept all of the situations which have been provided for him by the dispatches from Vienna during the last three weeks, he could easily lay claim to being the most versatile as well as the busiest man of the time; but there is a suspicion that Johann has a "bug" which would render his services in any of the walks of life laid out for him by the newspaper reports of doubtful value.

Objecting to the system under which his august relative, Emperor Francis Joseph, saw fit to maintain the Austrian army, Archduke Johann made himself so obnoxious to his superior that no other course than to virtually expel him from the army seemed open, and his removal naturally followed.

Then, in a fit of pique, or actuated by some other schoolboyish impulse, he renounced his rank, titles and all other attributes of nobility attaching to him, and emerged into the practical world as plain Johann Orth.

Now it is announced that Mr. Orth (nee Archduke Johann Salvator) is about to enter the employ of a firm of ship builders in England. If the officious persons engaged in finding situations for the ex-archduke, will desist long enough to enable him to become established in one of them they will doubtless render him a substantial favor and at the same time dispel a great deal of morbid curiosity as to whether he is capable of earning his own living, or has not, as many believe, thrown away the substance while grasping at the shadow.

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This is the first seizure ever made on the coast under an old act of 50 years standing, making the coast of Colombia dutiable to all foreign vessels engaged in trading.

This will affect a large number of schooners belonging to New York, Baltimore, etc., trading along the coast.

SILVER QUESTION.

A Permanent Organization Formed by the Convention at Denver.

The silver convention at Denver adjourned on Nov. 15. The only business done at the meeting in the morning was the adoption of a series of resolutions. Over some of them there was considerable wrangling, but finally they were unanimously agreed upon. In the afternoon a permanent organization was formed, which will be known in the future as the Colorado Silver association. Hon. H. A. W. Tabor was made president, and a vice president was chosen from each county in the state.

The preamble preceding the resolutions goes to state that it is the opinion of the people that the demonetization of silver sixteen years ago by this country and foreign powers was the result of a conspiracy of a few against the many, of the creditor class against the debtor class, of the consumers against the producers, of the idlers against the workers, that since the time mentioned, the period has been marked by constantly declining prices of staple commodities and of all the products of the farm and shop, and also taking from the producer 3 per cent of their gross production; that this condition of things has now been definitely traced by the most careful and reliable observers of the world to the destruction of more than one-half of its standard money, thereby increasing the use of and demand for gold; that efforts to remedy the ill-timed action have been met with predictions of evil to the people and to the nation.

The declarations then say in substance that the time has fully come when a restoration must be made, and that this can only be done by restoring the system of metal money coinage in effect prior to 1878, which in the past has proved so beneficial; that Congress, upon assembling in session at the next meeting, be urged to and for the free and unlimited coinage of the same; that until such time a demand is made for the coinage of $4,000,000 per month in accordance with the Bland bill; that the time has arrived when the United States can lead the way in the matter of free and unlimited coinage, and that by so doing it will increase the prosperity of its people; that the present stringency of the money market in connection with the low prices for all the products of labor is convincing evidence that the money volume has not expanded with the increase in population; and that the people generally insist upon the enforcement of these just demands.

FEDERAL STEEL COMPANY.

The Consolidated Barb Wire-Making Concerns.

The details of the consolidating of all the barb wire mills are about completed. The new combine will be known as the Federal Steel company, with an Illinois charter and a capital of $12,000,000. The organizers claim that the combine will be a good thing both for the public and themselves. They believe that their plan will keep the price of wire down and make an increase in profits for themselves by decreasing the cost of production.

It is said that the plan of organization is not a trust in the general meaning of the term, but is simply a partnership among the different barb wire making concerns, something on the plan of the Illinois Steel company. The plan they have been working upon is to buy up all the plants now manufacturing plain wire, barb wire and wire nails, fixing the price at a fair cash value, and giving the owners the option of disposing of their property for cash or stock in the new organization.

As regards the rod and billet mills, where the new company has been unable to make a purchase, it has made arrangements to buy the products on contract at a certain price above the cost of pig iron. By this plan the company virtually has control of this industry; also all of Washburn, Moen & Co.'s will doubtless come into the possession of the new organization.

The claim is made that the object of this combination shows the economical feature of the scheme, as every department of the work can be run on a cheaper basis. The material can be bought at greater advantage and the combining under one manage ment, in place of the hundred at present interested, will make a great saving in office and other expenses, all of which will tend to cheapen the cost of the product.

There will be at least two mills in Joliet and one in Lockport, besides which the one in the penitentiary will run until the present contract expires, next July. The two Joliet mills will be doubled in capacity for the manufacture of both plain and barb wire, and it is likely that a large wire nail factory will be started here also.

The price of wire will go up after January 1, but this result is inevitable. The only reason the present prices are maintained is because the mills are running upon the old product bought before the rise in the cost of the raw material. Barb wire, painted, is selling now at $3.10 in car-loads, but after the first of the year the price will probably go up to $3.50.

KANSAS REPUBLICANS.

A Combination Favoring Constitutional Amendments.

The Republicans of Leavenworth, Kan., who favor a resubmission of the prohibition amendment of the state constitution held a mass meeting on Nov. 13 that was largely attended, especially by business and professional men. The following was adopted as a declaration of principles and a constitution:

"In giving expression to the convention by which this association is to be governed, we hereby declare our unswerving confidence in the fundamental principles of the Republican party, and say that in the effort to secure the best interests of the people and labored for the prosperity of the state and nation.

"We, the Republicans of Leavenworth city and county, believing that the constitution of the state of Kansas and the amendments thereto need revision, do hereby organize ourselves into a Constitutional Convention Republican club, and do hereby pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to obtain at the earliest possible date, a constitutional convention for the purpose as aforesaid, and do hereby pledge ourselves unto each other that we will support no person for state, county or legislative position unless he is in favor of a constitutional convention, to be held at the earliest possible time."

Resolutions were also adopted calling on the governor to convene the legislature in extra session, and declaring that they were true temperance men of the state and not the "prohibitionists." Letters were read from prominent men in different parts of the state.

All Republicans present who were in sympathy with the movement were invited to become members of the club. The roll was signed by about 400 persons, among whom were a great many business men and mechanics.

Left Them Millions.

The will of the late John Crerar was admitted to probate at Chicago on Nov. 14, in the county court, and in accordance with its terms, his friends, Col. Huntington W. Jackson and Mr. Norman Williams, both of Chicago, were recognized as executors, without surety other than their personal recognizances. The will disposes of personal property scheduled at $3,500,000, and real estate valued at $50,000. Mr. Crerar was a bachelor, and the last member of his branch of the family in the male line.

FOREIGN.

BRAZIL A REPUBLIC.

A Revolution Deposes Dom Pedro, and Exiles Royalty.

To those who have paid much attention to affairs of the Brazilian empire, the announcement of a political revolution brings no surprise; and if the disturbance should result successfully to the revolutionists it would be considered as a matter of course.

The Republican party of Brazil has been gaining in strength most gradually, and frequent rumblings have betokened the threatening upheaval of the imperial government.

Many things have conspired to bring about this revolution which has overthrown the government of Dom Pedro II. and established a republic in its place with Senhor da Fonseca in the presidential chair. The proverbial discontent and restlessness of the hot-blooded subjects, which is as great among the Portuguese speaking people there as among the natives of the Spanish American countries, was the natural basis upon which a superstructure of revolutionary *casus belli* was laid.

The cause of the abolitionists was a great factor until slavery was abolished by the recent imperial decree. Though His Majesty, Dom Pedro II, the "emperor and perpetual defender" of Brazil, was personally popular among his subjects, he was surrounded by a pack of blood-sucking villains who perverted what would otherwise have been a wise though more or less inane government, into everything that was vicious and irritating to the people.

Dom Pedro was a good, honest, philanthropic old gentleman, who devoted himself to study and schemes for the mental and moral advancement of his people, while the greater affairs of state were left to the management of the less philanthropic officials. If His Majesty had died when he was expected to as a result of his recent illness while in Europe, he would have ended his days in full possession of power and honor, leaving his successors in authority to feel the brunt of the storm.

His daughter, the Princess Isabella, would then, in the natural course of events, have ascended the imperial throne. With her would also have arrived her French husband, the Compte d' Eu, who is personally as unpopular as his father-in-law was popular.

The Brazilians, worked up by the agitators who had ends to serve, were impatient over his majesty's tenure of life, and resolved that the French count should not become their ruler. They could not wait for natural death to vacate the emperor's throne to make way for a presidential chair, and took steps to hasten the change.

The Republic a Fact.

A correspondent in Rio de Janeiro cabled as follows on the night of Nov. 17: The United States of Brazil, constituting a federated republic of the different provinces of the empire over which Dom Pedro had ruled so long, is an established government.

The new Republic is to day acknowledged by every province except Bahia, in the north. Dom Pedro is on his way to Portugal, having accepted the situation with no attempt at forcible resistance; the flag of the new republic has been adopted, and Brazil is as peaceful to-day as though no thought of revolution had ever aroused the feelings of her people.

The overthrow of the empire has been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life, and the new provisional government is proceeding with its work as methodically as though it had been in existence for years instead of hours.

Dom Pedro himself, finding that the terms imposed on him by the new government, and agreed to leave the country within 24 hours after he received the notice at his summer palace at Petropolis. He was offered $2,500,000 in cash and provision for the rest of his life in the form of an annual pension of $450,000, which is to be provided for in the civil list of the new republic. He promptly accepted the offer, and came to Rio de Janeiro with his family last night to embark for Lisbon.

The imperial family at 3 o'clock this morning boarded the Brazilian gunboat Parnahyba, which was still flying the imperial flag in the harbor. The Parnahyba transferred the imperial party to the Alagoas, which steamed out of the harbor this forenoon, convoyed by the cruiser Riachuelo and the gunboat Parnahyba, bound for Lisbon. Dom Pedro and his family are going to perpetual exile, their absence from the country being regarded by the leaders of the Republic as essential to the peace and welfare of the new government.

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A Permanent Organization Formed by the Convention at Denver.

The silver convention at Denver adjourned on Nov. 15. The only business done at the meeting in the morning was the adoption of a series of resolutions. Over some of them there was considerable wrangling, but finally they were unanimously agreed upon. In the afternoon a permanent organization was formed, which will be known in the future as the Colorado Silver association. Hon. H. A. W. Tabor was made president, and a vice president was chosen from each county in the state.

The preamble preceding the resolutions goes to state that it is the opinion of the people that the demonetization of silver sixteen years ago by this country and foreign powers was the result of a conspiracy of a few against the many, of the creditor class against the debtor class, of the consumers against the producers, of the idlers against the workers, that since the time mentioned, the period has been marked by constantly declining prices of staple commodities and of all the products of the farm and shop, and also taking from the producer 3 per cent of their gross production; that this condition of things has now been definitely traced by the most careful and reliable observers of the world to the destruction of more than one-half of its standard money, thereby increasing the use of and demand for gold; that efforts to remedy the ill-timed action have been met with predictions of evil to the people and to the nation.

The declarations then say in substance that the time has fully come when a restoration must be made, and that this can only be done by restoring the system of metal money coinage in effect prior to 1878, which in the past has proved so beneficial; that Congress, upon assembling in session at the next meeting, be urged to and for the free and unlimited coinage of the same; that until such time a demand is made for the coinage of $4,000,000 per month in accordance with the Bland bill; that the time has arrived when the United States can lead the way in the matter of free and unlimited coinage, and that by so doing it will increase the prosperity of its people; that the present stringency of the money market in connection with the low prices for all the products of labor is convincing evidence that the money volume has not expanded with the increase in population; and that the people generally insist upon the enforcement of these just demands.

FEDERAL STEEL COMPANY.

The Consolidated Barb Wire-Making Concerns.

The details of the consolidating of all the barb wire mills are about completed. The new combine will be known as the Federal Steel company, with an Illinois charter and a capital of $12,000,000. The organizers claim that the combine will be a good thing both for the public and themselves. They believe that their plan will keep the price of wire down and make an increase in profits for themselves by decreasing the cost of production.

It is said that the plan of organization is not a trust in the general meaning of the term, but is simply a partnership among the different barb wire making concerns, something on the plan of the Illinois Steel company. The plan they have been working upon is to buy up all the plants now manufacturing plain wire, barb wire and wire nails, fixing the price at a fair cash value, and giving the owners the option of disposing of their property for cash or stock in the new organization.

As regards the rod and billet mills, where the new company has been unable to make a purchase, it has made arrangements to buy the products on contract at a certain price above the cost of pig iron. By this plan the company virtually has control of this industry; also all of Washburn, Moen & Co.'s will doubtless come into the possession of the new organization.

The claim is made that the object of this combination shows the economical feature of the scheme, as every department of the work can be run on a cheaper basis. The material can be bought at greater advantage and the combining under one manage ment, in place of the hundred at present interested, will make a great saving in office and other expenses, all of which will tend to cheapen the cost of the product.

There will be at least two mills in Joliet and one in Lockport, besides which the one in the penitentiary will run until the present contract expires, next July. The two Joliet mills will be doubled in capacity for the manufacture of both plain and barb wire, and it is likely that a large wire nail factory will be started here also.

The price of wire will go up after January 1, but this result is inevitable. The only reason the present prices are maintained is because the mills are running upon the old product bought before the rise in the cost of the raw material. Barb wire, painted, is selling now at $3.10 in car-loads, but after the first of the year the price will probably go up to $3.50.

KANSAS REPUBLICANS.

A Combination Favoring Constitutional Amendments.

The Republicans of Leavenworth, Kan., who favor a resubmission of the prohibition amendment of the state constitution held a mass meeting on Nov. 13 that was largely attended, especially by business and professional men. The following was adopted as a declaration of principles and a constitution:

"In giving expression to the convention by which this association is to be governed, we hereby declare our unswerving confidence in the fundamental principles of the Republican party, and say that in the effort to secure the best interests of the people and labored for the prosperity of the state and nation.

"We, the Republicans of Leavenworth city and county, believing that the constitution of the state of Kansas and the amendments thereto need revision, do hereby organize ourselves into a Constitutional Convention Republican club, and do hereby pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to obtain at the earliest possible date, a constitutional convention for the purpose as aforesaid, and do hereby pledge ourselves unto each other that we will support no person for state, county or legislative position unless he is in favor of a constitutional convention, to be held at the earliest possible time."

Resolutions were also adopted calling on the governor to convene the legislature in extra session, and declaring that they were true temperance men of the state and not the "prohibitionists." Letters were read from prominent men in different parts of the state.

All Republicans present who were in sympathy with the movement were invited to become members of the club. The roll was signed by about 400 persons, among whom were a great many business men and mechanics.

Left Them Millions.

The will of the late John Crerar was admitted to probate at Chicago on Nov. 14, in the county court, and in accordance with its terms, his friends, Col. Huntington W. Jackson and Mr. Norman Williams, both of Chicago, were recognized as executors, without surety other than their personal recognizances. The will disposes of personal property scheduled at $3,500,000, and real estate valued at $50,000. Mr. Crerar was a bachelor, and the last member of his branch of the family in the male line.

GENERAL NEWS.

HIGH LICENSE.

Important Mass Meeting of Catholics in Baltimore.

A natural sequence of the position taken by the Catholic congress was the mass meeting under the auspices of the Catholic church, in favor of high license, at the Harris Academy of Music, Baltimore, on Nov. 18: It was attended by persons of all shades of religious opinion. On the stage sat his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Monsignor McColgan, Archbishop Elder, Bishop Virtue, Bishop Keane, Rev. James Nugent, Rev. James Cleary and some hundred prominent citizens interested in the movement. Every seat in the great theater was occupied, and crowds were turned away.

Cardinal Gibbons presided. As he came forward to speak he received a warm greeting. Cardinal Gibbons said:

I appear before you to-night, not only as a churchman, but also and chiefly as a fellow citizen, anxious for the moral welfare of my native city. Whatever contributes to the moral growth of Baltimore, whatever contributes to the happiness of the people, has my most hearty co-operation; and I firmly belive to-night that the moral cause which we will advocate here, if successful, will contribute, under God's blessing, to the moral welfare of our beloved city; to the welfare of the people, to the domestic happiness and tranquility of the poorer classes and of the laboring. [Applause.] The blow that we strike to-night is a blow struck for the cause of the laboring man, and it must and shall be successful. [Applause.] I shall not occupy your attention in these precious moments any longer. I have now, ladies and gentlemen, the honor to present to you a most distinguished clergyman of England, the apostle of England, I might call him, the Rev. Fr. Nugent.

Rev. James Nugent, the English temperance orator, spoke substantially as follows:

LORD CARDINAL, MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Any one that looks around this vast building must be struck by the importance of this meeting; its numbers, its respectability, and the very earnest manner that have brought you together. You have come here to strike a determined blow against that enemy of the whole world. This great movement in America owes its character and its aggressive onward movement to the unconquerable resistless and determined—his eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons.

Though the ocean may separate us, we Catholic priests are one in sentiment and motive as regards the social and moral improvement of our people, and I trust you will find that no matter what may be the religious differences which may separate us, that in this great work we will combine for the good faith. For 23 years my work has been within the walls of one of the largest prisons in England, and during that time over 230,000 men and women have come under my care. Eight out of every ten of these came there through intemperance. At home in the old country this vice is looked upon as a national vice. No class of our people are free from it.

It is not only within prison that its victims are to be found, but also in the highest grades of society. You are not scourged with this plague as we are; but I bid you to work and now that you have crushed slavery, your people shall not be enslaved by this vice. Intemperance undermines all family life, and if you let it grow it will bring your people to the low level of some of the countries and scourge you with pauperism, ignorance and crime. The object of this meeting is to crush intemperance, and I trust you will not go away from here to-night without determining to do something to lessen this evil. Give up liquor yourselves, and you will be an active worker to repress this traffic.

Rev. Dr. James Cleary next spoke, and after him Bishop Ireland was presented. Archbishop Ireland said in substance:

The position of the Catholic church on temperance and other social questions has been clearly stated in the Catholic law congress held in Baltimore. The corrupting influence of saloons in politics, the crime and pauperism resulting from excessive drinking, require legislative restriction, which we can aid in procuring by joining our influence with that of the other enemies of intemperance. The Catholic church is absolutely and irrevocably opposed to drunkenness and to drunkard-making.

In vain we profess to work for souls if we do not labor to drive out an evil which is daily begetting sins by the ten thousand, and peopling hell. In vain we boast of civilization and liberty if we do not labor to exterminate intemperance. Education, the educating of the masses, liberty, all that the age admires, is set at nought by this dreadful evil. The individual conscience is the first aim of opposing it; but the individual conscience has to be strengthened and supplemented by law.

The claim of saloonkeepers to freedom in their traffic is the claim to spread disease, sin, pauperism. Friends of temperance, whatever be their several theories, must be practical and aim at what is, under the circumstances, the best that can be had. Your movement for high taxation of the traffic, with judicious supplementary clauses as to character of vendors of liquor and forfeiture in case of violation of laws, deserves the support of all.

This will not do away with all evil: it will reduce immensely the evil, and its best results will be where they are the most needed—among the poor and the laboring classes. A rich man can afford, better than the laborer, to spend money and lose reason at the shrine of intemperance. Sunday closing should be enforced, no matter at what cost. The Sunday saloon is a blot on any city. Baltimore is watched. It has been the scene of great events. Honor yourselves. Work, vote for good laws, favor the party that favors good temperance laws and that knows how to enforce them.

Resolutions reciting the evils of intemperance, embodying the sentiments of the meeting as outlined in the remarks of the speakers, and taking determined ground in favor of high license—so high as to practically prohibit the small and low saloons where the laboring classes spend much of their wages—were unanimously adopted.

Secret Societies May Flourish.

The Baltimore *Sun* of Nov. 13, says:

Probably the most radical thing that has transpired through the assembling of the first Catholic congress is in regard to secret societies. The Catholic church has long been regarded as the implacable foe of every society without its own pale, and it now appears that the ban of the church is by no means absolute in every case of secret organization except the Masonic order. That the objections to the Masonic brotherhood will also be raised is confidently expected by those in the secret, and it is said to be only a matter of twelve months or so before any man may openly avow himself a member of the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons as well as a faithful member of the Catholic church.

LEGAL KNOTS.

Interesting Questions Coming Up in the New States.

The point was informally raised at Bismarck, N. D., on Nov. 16, by F. M. Dudley, of the legal department of the Northern Pacific railway, in the United States Land office, that the pre-emption law had been repealed by the act of